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STRASBOURG AND KEHL

If their own debates become a little tedious, the British delegates at Strasbourg this week-end will be well advised to stroll down to the Rhine and to cross the bridge to the little German village of Kehl. Even a glimpse of the general election which reaches its climax next Sunday in Western Germany might give a wholesome tang of reality to the discussions of the Council of Europe, which this year are bound to be both nebulous and tentative. In the last resort the problem of Germany is the problem of Europe; and the Council will be judged by history on whether or not it firmly tackles it.

At present, the omens are not auspicious. In the German election campaign, the grave internal problems of a free economy, burdened with over a million unemployed, have been submerged by the wave of feeling aroused by the last stage of dismantling and, in particular, by Mr. Bevin's statement in the House of Commons, which was obviously made without any consideration of its effect upon the fortunes of the German Socialists. Desperately seeking to disprove the charge that they are merely British hirelings, Dr. Schumacher and his S.P.D. colleagues have outdone the C.D.U. in abuse of the Foreign Secretary. But the gainers are likely to be the extremist splinter parties, whose nationalism is above, or below, suspicion.

Election speeches are merely the froth on German politics. Below the surface, the most significant development, on both sides of the Rhine, is the recognition, especially in military and financial circles, that a basis for a new Franco-German rapprochement exists. The French bankers and industrialists, as well as the General Staff, accept —though they cannot yet publicly admit it—the need for this new alignment. There is a grave danger, if our policy continues to be as insular as it has been in the last six months, that we shall find ourselves squeezed out of the European picture. The successful establishment of a Council of Europe is not something we merely desire in the interests of weak Continental neighbours. We need it very badly ourselves.

But what sort of success? The Assembly is banned from discussing either defence questions or the controversies inside O.E.E.C. By its constitution, it is prevented from becoming anything in the nature of a Parliament; and the perverse decision to include Greece and Turkey as members has largely destroyed its geographical basis, as well as making nonsense of the sentences in the preamble about democratic principles. At the very best, the Assembly can demonstrate that there exists in Europe a general will to unity, which is not expressed in any existing institutions; and it can sketch the problems which that general will would tackle, if it had the means to do so.

These problems centre round Germany. Strategically, Western Europe is indefensible without a rearmed Germany; politically, it falls to pieces if Germany is rearmed. Economically, European reconstrucion is impossible without German prosperity. Yet if Western Germany is permitted to cover its essential import requirements by exports, this export drive would threaten the recovery of her neighbours, above all Britain. The German problem consists of a set of interlocking dilemmas. No formula can resolve them. They can only be dealt with by a patchwork of interim solutions. One of these is the Council of Europe. By taking the lead in demanding that Western Germany should be made a full member, the British delegation can at least give a weak and unstable German democracy that sense of status, which it so desperately needs; and show that it is not only reactionaries and militarists in Paris and Frankfurt who have visions of European unity.

The British interest in clear enough. Already, under the stimulus of Marshall Aid, economic nationalism is becoming the dominant motive of every Western European State, including Britain and Germany. This tendency is at least tolerable for France, with its relatively well-balanced economy, especially if she can re-establish the international cartels which linked her with Germany before the war. For us, any such solution would be fatal. It would drive us into a trade war, in which Germany, directly competing with most of our products and existing on a far lower standard of living, could soon threaten our overseas markets. What we should strive for in Western Europe to-day is neither Federal Union nor a crushing plan of integrated military defence but the beginnings of joint economic planning. Are we building oil refineries in excess of requirements? Could not our steel production be complementary instead of competitive? How far could we help each other out, in reducing what are now, for each individual country, essential dollar imports and in planning trade with Eastern Europe? These are the questions which the leaders of the British delegation should pose at Strasbourg. If nothing else could be achieved this year, at least Mr. Morrison and Dr. Dalton could convince their European colleagues that Sir Stafford is not a Schacht in Anglican clothing; that British Socialism is quite unjustly accused of idealogical insularity; and finally, that the Labour Government recognises that the real significance of Strasbourg is the bridge which links it to Kehl.

The Dollar Supply

More than five weeks after the beginning of the fiscal year, the U.S. Senate has passed its own version of the 1949-50 E.R.P. finance Bill. Finally disposing of the "legislative" amendments which sought to make aid conditional upon "no further nationalisation" by the recipients, to give economic help to Franco and to earmark nearly half the whole appropriation to "surplus" U.S. products, the Senate maintained its cut of $674 millions in the Administration's programme and authorised a total of some $3,628 millions. Since

the House has already approved a figure of $3,468 millions for a period of forty-six weeks, a compromise total must be reached to bridge this difference. It is certain, however, that Europe must try to make do with much less than the $4,466 millions originally expected by O.E.E.C. The experts in Paris, energetically pruning European requirements in an attempt to balance them with the reduced appropriation, have managed to whittle them down to $3,200 millions. But this cut flies in the face of the facts. It has been achieved, in part, by giving Britain a provisional allocation of only $780 millions, or barely half the revised estimate of Britain's dollar needs for the coming year. This hopelessly unrealistic cut only serves to emphasise again the inadequacy of the E.R.P. total to meet the deteriorating dollar position of Europe and the urgent need for Britain to put forward, in the Washington talks next month, a plan for coping with the growing dollar shortage of the sterling area. This is likely to be based upon a scheme for large-scale U.S. purchases of colonial products, on long-term contracts, perhaps accompanied by heavy American investment in undeveloped areas. The Chancellor may feel that Mr. Truman's Point Four must be taken up in the same way as Mr. Marshall's Harvard speech and applied to the Middle East, India and South-East Asia. Obviously anticipating such a proposal from Britain, Mr. Snyder has this week laid down the conditions upon which Americans can be expected to invest. Guarantees against capital loss were to be expected. But does Mr. Snyder's insistence upon dollar convertibility presage an American demand that a large part of the dollar investment shall be spent on American equipment? Unless the dollars received by undeveloped areas, either as investments or as payment for their products, can be spent in Europe, they will do nothing to restore triangular trade. Indeed, to transfer the trade and investment channels of such areas to the U.S. in this way would do nothing but convert them into U.S. economic colonies.

India's Sterling Balances

Viewed in the setting of the sterling area's dollar crisis, the new payments agreement with India looks remarkably liberal on Britain's part. Under the 1948 pact, India's drawings on her blocked sterling balances had been fixed at £40 millions annually in 1949-50 and 1950-51. It was estimated that no releases would be required in 1948-49. As the result, however, of India's heavy import programme—which has taken the form, unfortunately, for the most part of consumers' goods—the whole of the drawing rights for the next two years have already been used. These drawings are to be written off; and, in 1949-51, India is to be entitled to further releases of blocked sterling balances to the tune of £150 millions, of which two-thirds are to be released in the current year. But this is not the end of the story. It was decided, under the 1948 agreement, that India's drawings of dollars from the sterling area's central pool should be limited in 1948-49 to the equivalent of £15 millions. In fact, she has drawn dollars to the value of over £30 millions. But, so far from being required to make good this over-drawing, India will in future not be bound by any specific limitation of her dollar quota: she becomes a full member of the sterling area, and will be asked, like the other Dominions, to restrict voluntarily her imports from the dollar area. It is true that Britain's sterling war debt to India is immense, but the rate of repayment now apparently contemplated is likely to impose on Britain an extremely heavy strain.

Face-saving Documents

Some 500 pages of narrative, 645 pages of annexes and 41 pages of chronology based on the study of 50,000 documents may provide a "frank and factual record" of America's dealings with China for the past hundred years. But they do not save the face of the State Department. And, to judge by the reception of this encyclopædic hand-out in the U.S., it is doubtful whether it will satisfy the American taxpayer, whose 200,000,000 dollars in grants and loans have had the boomerang result of contributing to Communist successes. To this White Paper, which includes the long-promised and highly controversial Report from General Wedemeyer, Dean Acheson adds a 7,000-word letter admitting that the outcome of the civil war in China was beyond the control of his Government. Republican and Democrat alike may well ask what, then, was behind the backing and filling of U.S. diplomacy in China. General Wedemeyer was the most outspoken among the critics of the Kuomintang regime. His Report made far-reaching proposals; the Five-Power Guardianship of Manchuria or a Trusteeship in accordance with the United Nations Charter, American aid under the closest supervision and a house-cleaning by the Kuomintang, which included a ruthless purge of corrupt officials, the abolition of the secret police, and a programme of land reform. This Report was pigeon-holed. Washington, whilst fully aware of Kuomintang maladministration and Chungking's unreliability as an ally, gave Chiang Kai-shek extensive support without any guarantees in return. The result was to intensify the very evils condemned so bitterly by the men on the spot. Only the Communists gained from this vicious circle. Dean Acheson's letter, a top-line move in the cold war, may have the effect of silencing the wild men from California, Connecticut and Georgia, who would still pour billions of dollars into Chiang Kai-shek's ragged pockets. But it suggests that he has learnt very little from so many words. Mr. Acheson's undocumented statement that the Chinese people are now "exploited by a party in the interest of a foreign imperialism" is followed by the suggestion that American policy should "encourage all developments in China which now and in the future work toward" throwing off "the foreign yoke." To this incitement of counter-revolutionary elements in China—they alone are likely to respond to the American siren—Dean Acheson warns the Chinese people that, should they lend themselves to the "aims of Soviet Russian imperialism," his Government and other members of the United Nations would consider this a violation of the Charter.

The Struggle in Greece

The inclusion of Greece with the twelve other Western democracies comprising the Council of Europe has coincided with the launching of a fresh offensive by the Royalist Government against the partisan forces in the Grammos Mountains and with a renewed campaign of political trials in Athens. Among those due for trial next week is Captain of Gendarmerie, Thomas Venetsanopoulos, to whose case attention was drawn in these columns at the beginning of this year. In February, 1943, while in command of a Gendarmerie detachment in Macedonia, Captain Venetsanopoulos took his entire force over to E.L.A.S., played a leading part in the battle of Bougazi, and was commended for his patriotism in Greek Government broadcasts from London. In May, 1945, he was charged before a court martial with "deserting his post during time of peace," but was acquitted. Subsequently, fresh charges were brought against him, including one of "ill-treating" a collaborationist Colonel of Gendarmerie in Salonika. None of these charges could be substantiated, and he was released under the measures for the "de-congestion of prisons" introduced by the Sophoulis Government in November, 1945. The next stage in this strange story was the relegation of Captain Venetsanopoulos, in April, 1947, to the island of Serifos. In September of that year he appeared before a Gendarmerie Board in Athens and was discharged from the service for "deserting his post during the occupation"—i.e., for the act for which he had previously been commended. Transferred, pending appeal, to a detention camp on Makronisi, Captain Venetsanopoulos was charged, in April, 1948, with "subversive propaganda in the camp." He was to have appeared, on this charge, before a court martial in Athens on January 8, 1949; but the trial was postponed on the ground that there were not sufficient officers of suitable rank available to form the tribunal. The Greek Government may be hoping that, by now staging the court martial in the month of August, it can finally dispose of Captain Venetsanopoulos without undue publicity. If this be the cynical calculation, it is wrong.

Balkan Sinn Feiners

Between the Yugoslavs and the Cominform, it is now notorious, nothing worse remains to be said. The Cominform and all its press say that the Yugoslav leaders are traitors to the revolutionary cause, and the Governments of the Soviet Union and other Eastern European countries treat them as such. So violent are these denunciations, indeed, that they often seem to defeat their own end. By quoting reports which come from "reactionary" sources, newspapers like *L'Humanité* would seem only to strengthen Yugoslav support of Marshal Tito and his colleagues. Not to be outdone, the Yugoslav leaders reply in kind. The Belgrade press speaks of the Soviet Union as "counter-revolutionary" and "anti-Socialist"; the Eastern neighbours are dismissed as servile satellites. It may be easy for the Communist Parties of Eastern Europe to demonstrate to their members that the Yugoslavs really have "entered upon the path of reaction." But does this war to the knife—or at least to the paper-knife—mean that Yugoslavia is being slowly forced into relations with the Western Powers such as would make it effectively an enemy of the Russians and their friends? Are they, their words and even their intentions to the contrary, changing sides? From a maze of rumour and report—that the Marshal has had secret conversations with the West, that he has allowed the Greek Army to attack the Greek rebels through Yugoslav territory, that he has agreed secretly with the Italians for a division of the Free Territory of Trieste—certain facts emerge. Yugoslavia is trading, or is about to trade, largely with the West (and notably with the Italians); the Americans, it would seem, are ready to advance loans and possibly gifts. No matter if Yugoslav economic planning should reach its present targets, Yugoslavia is certain to become more and more dependent, as things are going now, upon Western markets and Western sources of supply. It is the prospect of this growing dependence, after all, which persuades the State Department and the Foreign Office that the Marshal is a good investment. The Yugoslavs continue to insist, against every attack from the East, that they can prevent economic dependence from becoming political dependence. This looks suspiciously like the doctrine of a balancing "Third Force" which the Yugoslavs, until lately, have taken such a pleasure in deriding.

MR. TOMLINSON'S PROBLEMS

THE Butler Education Act of 1944 became law under a Coalition Government, and was piloted through Parliament by a Conservative Minister. It bears in certain respects the marks of its origin—particularly in the treatment of the Public Schools and in the handling of the religious question. But as a framework for general educational development, the Labour Ministers, to whom the task of implementing it has fallen, certainly have no cause to complain that it fails to allow room for fully as much as they can hope to achieve for some time to come. The raising of the school age to fifteen and the rise in birthrate have between them posed very big problems of both teaching staff and accommodation. The demand for a big expansion of technical education—which had been allowed to lag far behind—and the decision to provide some form of secondary education for all older children have involved the preparation of an immense building programme, which runs up against serious shortages of both materials and man-power. In face of these shortages, the proposed County Colleges for part-time adolescent education have suffered the same fate as Health Centres under the National Health Service—relegation to an uncertain future when the men and materials can be spared.

Serious difficulties, then, have beset the Ministry of Education in the attempts to get ahead as fast as possible with the implementation of the Butler Act. There have been some very awkward problems of timing, especially in connection with the training of teachers. On the whole, the Emergency Training Scheme has been a considerable success; but shortage of suitable buildings has conspired with the advantage of securing a regular flow of new teachers out of the scheme to impose long periods of waiting on acceptable volunteers for training, and these delays have lost the profession many excellent recruits. There has also, for the same reasons of shortage of space, been much delay in getting to work on the training of the additional technical teachers who will be needed as the projected expansion in technical schools and colleges is achieved; and in general education the much-needed reduction in the size of swollen classes cannot be properly tackled for some years.

The building shortage has some compensatory blessings. It is leading to lighter methods of prefabricated construction which are of great advantage in themselves. School design is being much improved; and in a good many country districts really admirable new lightly built schools, set in adequate space, are being erected. But in the big towns the schools are fighting against odds for suitable sites, and many an admirable plan for comprehensive high schools is foundering on the rocks of urban congestion. Strong action is needed to give school accommodation a higher place in the queue for land; and it is to be hoped that it will have been taken in time for the job to be done properly when more men and materials can be spared for the constructional work. There looms ahead a vast need for scrapping and replacing obsolete schools which stand on crowded sites and lack light, air, playground accommodation and space for suitable ancillary buildings.

The Report of the Ministry of Education for 1948* does not conceal these difficulties, but Mr. Tomlinson is on the whole in good heart about them. He has got the percentage of children taking school milk up to 88, and school meals over 52. His new emergency-trained teachers are mostly settling down well, and plans for the expansion and improvement of regular training are making reasonable progress. There is still much amiss; but, except for the size of classes, most things are getting better, though not fast enough to meet the need. At the higher levels, the numbers taking higher national certificates in technology have expanded enormously, and look like growing further; and the Further Education and Training scheme for men and women from the Forces has enabled the Universities to expand up to the very limit of their present equipment and teaching capacity. Promises have been made already to expand State and local scholarships for higher education to replace the decline in ex-Service students; and the Universities are being helped on a generous scale with capital grants for building and much-needed equipment as well as with grants for current costs.

Thus, great strides are being made towards a better-balanced and more democratic educational structure, despite the continued existence of the "two nations" at the higher school level; and something is being done to catch up with the vast arrears of provision for technical education at all stages. Art and music have both made great progress in the schools; and the B.B.C. Schools Section has a great deal of intelligent work to its credit—much of it not nearly enough used by teachers. Yet we are still a long way off that "parity of esteem" which we are supposed to be aiming at in the parallel branches of secondary education; and there is a doubt whether we yet know clearly enough what we are trying to make of the children for whom we are providing better, and better-equipped, schools. There is still too much cloisteral virtue among teachers—and no wonder, when so many of them pass straight from school to segregated training college and then back to school with no other experience of life. The mechanics of education are being handled better than before; but there is still hard thinking to be done about its purpose.

* *Education in* 1948. Cmd. 7724. 3s. 6d.

ROYAL QUESTION

IS it not a bit absurd that, in the middle of the twentieth century, a civilised democratic country in Europe should be without a government for nearly two months merely because the political parties cannot agree on who is to sit on the Throne? One bright young diplomat here expressed his impatience by quoting Lewis Carroll, yet the battle over the bright new rattle is continuing, and Tweedledum and Tweedledee will not stop for any monstrous crow—the crow of the economic and international problems that beset Belgium to-day as they beset any other country. It is, of course, true that Belgium, with her relatively favourable economic position, can afford the luxury of the rattle-battle more easily than others could in the present circumstances.

The crisis is having an odd effect on the country; but it would be a mistake to imagine that the reactions are all favourable to Leopold. If, on the one hand, the politicians are annoying people by their failure to agree, the feeling is growing, even among many Royalists, that Leopold, in his desperate eagerness to get his job back, has shown a striking lack of regal dignity, and that his chances of receiving "unquestionable" support in a "popular consultation" are diminishing.

There is a strong suspicion among a growing number of people that M. Spaak is clever enough to realise that the longer the battle of the rattle goes on, the more numerous will be the chances given to Leopold to make a fool of himself, till, finally, the whole of the "floating vote" will turn against him. The "You must have confidence in me" statement the King issued on Friday produced the inevitable "oh yeah?" from millions of Belgians—who thereupon proceeded to recall the marriage, the visit to Berchtesgaden, the mysterious departure in '44, and much else. Nevertheless, at the moment, Leopold still has wide support in the country, and the whole Belgian crisis is indicative of the post-war stage through which Western Europe is passing to-day. In France there is a strong movement for a broad amnesty in favour of collaborators. Though nobody in France openly dares yet declare himself a Vichyite, academic discussions justifying Vichy are quite common, as is also the phrase "They should never have shot Laval."

Yet if the pro-Vichy Right is still rather shamefaced in France, the same cannot be said of its equivalent in Belgium. Leopold is important because he represents a political attitude—an attitude which, in 1945, seemed a thing of the murky past, but which is to-day not merely becoming permissible again, but, in the eyes of millions of Belgians, almost respectable.

The connection, then and later, with Mussolini and the Italian Royal family was an open secret. Leopold's sister is the wife of Umberto, and it was she who, according to the Socialists, exercised a continuous influence on Leopold both before and after 1940 and who, finally, arranged for his wartime meeting with Hitler. No one is seriously blaming Leopold to-day for having capitulated at the head of his army in 1940, but that that Belgian policy, which finally led to the improvised dash into Belgium of the best French and British troops who were then inevitably trapped by the Germans, was very largely Leopold's doing, no serious student of the military and political history of 1940 can deny.

And what happened then? The dossier on Leopold published by the Belgian Socialists before the election, and called *La Question Royale*, is not only one of the most devastating indictments against any European statesman during the Occupation, but not a single fact produced by the Socialists has been effectively contradicted or disproved. The truth is that, in 1940, Leopold convinced himself that Germany, and not Britain, was winning, and had, in fact, won, the war, and that he hastened to Berchtesgaden to get Hitler to approve of Belgian "independence" within the framework of the New Order, and with Leopold as King of this vassal State. He had tea and cakes with Hitler, but, much to Leopold's disappointment, Hitler refused finally to commit himself. So Leopold remained in Belgium as "the prisoner of Laeken," "sharing the fate of his people." Only that is precisely what he did not do. His "imprisonment" was very relative; he was allowed to go on trips to Vienna and Munich; and the legend of the fellow-martyr, which the Belgian people entertained for a time, was rudely shaken by the news that the King had married a Mlle Baels, the member of a particularly reactionary Flemish family, with a quite notoriously bad wartime record. Father-in-law had abandoned his post during the invasion, and brother-in-law had been sentenced as a deserter.

Although Elizabeth, the Queen-Mother, is said to have successfully intervened with the Germans on behalf of various people who had been arrested or were about to be deported, no concrete case in which the King raised a finger for anybody has been recorded.

Then came 1944. Representatives of the Belgian Resistance urged the King either to slip away and join the Resistance movement, or at least to stay on in Brussels and await the arrival of the Western Allies. He would do neither, and, according to the well-documented Socialist dossier, asked the Germans to remove him and his family to Germany. Thereupon the legend was created of his "forcible" removal by the Germans; this, Leopold thought, would largely rehabilitate him in the eyes of his people. Nobody seems to have been taken in by it. Much to his annoyance, Eisenhower later "prevented" him from returning to Brussels. He has since been living in Switzerland with his beautiful Flemish wife, the "Princess of Rethy"—a title, the *Peuple* has indelicately recalled, used by the late Queen Astrid. The Socialist dossier shows the two wining and dining at night clubs (a series of pictures singularly like those we used to see in the past of the Windsors), and the final picture has as its caption: "May they live happily ever after, but leave us alone to work in peace."

Yet Leopold is not content with the role of the Duke of Windsor. He is ambitious, and suffers from injured vanity and pride. So many nasty things were said about him, especially in England. He never once had the good grace even to thank the Allies for liberating Belgium. Even the mild criticism of Leopold in Mr. Churchill's book aroused the rage of the Leopoldists. Perhaps these people have genuinely convinced Leopold that his return to Brussels is in Belgium's interests—though all the time I have been in Belgium I have not heard one single argument to show in what way Leopold's return would be a good thing. Belgium to-day is a peaceful, orderly country, in which the Regent Charles is playing his constitutional role as loyally as George VI. But, no; Leopold wants to return, and claims that 70 per cent. of the people want him back. This is an obvious exaggeration, but many admit that if there were a popular consultation, 55 or even 60 per cent. might vote for his return, and Parliament, as he hopes, would then be placed in a most embarrassing position. First of all, women would vote out of sentimentality; a large part of the Flemish population, believing that he is pro-Flemish and anti-Walloon (largely thanks to his marriage connections), might vote for Leopold. In this they would also be encouraged by the Church. Business, which is largely anti-Socialist and anti-British, would support Leopold. And, above all, everything in Belgium that was either actively or even remotely collaborationist (and, heaven knows, this represents a vast element cutting across almost every section of the population) would vote for Leopold, since all these people would automatically share in the whitewash.

The Social-Christian Party, forgetting that the King is above party, made of Leopold's return their election platform, and thought no doubt that the reasons that would prompt millions of Belgians to vote for his return would automatically also make them vote for the "King's Party." Here there was a slight miscalculation; for they received only 43 per cent. of the votes, and when Van Zeeland tried to force the issue during his attempt, over six weeks ago, to form the first post-election Cabinet, neither the Socialists nor the Liberals would play. Since then, all three parties, being unable to agree, have sent delegations to Prégny to discuss the terms on which he might return, the Socialists officially still claiming that abdication in favour of Leopold's son, the 18-year-old Baudouin, is the only solution, but, nevertheless, suggesting that they might have to consider Leopold's return if there really is an overwhelming majority of the people for him. If, however, there is only, say, a 51 per cent. majority for Leopold, then there is a grave danger—so the argument runs—that the Walloons might well say that the Flemish have "inflicted" a King upon them against their will. The unity of Belgium would be rudely shaken, and there might well be (how often have I heard the phrase these last few days!) "civil war and bloodshed" in a country that is perfectly peaceful to-day. Altogether, the Socialist case against Leopold is, on all grounds, overwhelming, and the Liberals —who, with their 23 members, might, in theory at any rate, form a Government majority with the Social-Christian Party—are acutely aware of the dangers of Leopold's return. The Communists say as little as possible about the Royal Question, in order, no doubt, not to play into the hands of the Leopoldists—except, occasionally, to accuse the Socialists of playing a double game.

This is scarcely a justified accusation. It is true that, if the Socialist Party is uncompromisingly anti-Leopold, and some of the Federations, notably that of Namur, are even against further Socialist participation in the Government, the Socialist Ministers, and especially M. Spaak, consider themselves indispensable members of any self-respecting Belgian Government. Yet, even if it is conceivable that M. Spaak might, in terms of Belgian internal politics, adapt himself to Leopold's return, Leopold would be an acute embarrassment to Spaak as "the great brain of Western Union" which—not without some reason—he fancies himself to be. For Leopold, as the ruler of Belgium, would inevitably be regarded by millions of people in Western Europe as much an anachronism as General Franco. His life, in the last 12 years, has been too closely bound up with the wrong people, and Belgium's international prestige, as built up by Spaak, would be smashed in the eyes of all who believe in any of the variants—either Socialist or non-Socialist —of "Western Democracy."

Brussels, August. ALEXANDER WERTH

WHITE "QUEEN" FOR BECHUANALAND?

A FEW years ago a young African from Bechuanaland was sent by his uncle to Oxford to study for the bar. The uncle was the redoubtable Chief Tshekedi of the Bamangwato, the most powerful tribe in Bechuanaland; and the young man was Seretse, heir to the Chieftainship, and destined to replace Tshekedi, who was no more than a Regent acting on his behalf. One night in London, at a dance for colonial students, Seretse met an English girl, a typist in an insurance office in the City, Miss Ruth Williams. They fell in love, and were married in a Kensington Registry Office about a year ago.

A simple enough story, one would say; but the implications of this marriage are already unfolding into three dangerous political problems. The first is a purely local matter—the conflict between the old and the new in the backward little territory of Bechuanaland. The second is concerned with the powerful, though irrational, emotions aroused by mixed marriages. The third, and most delicate, arises from the fact that Bechuanaland lies on the very verges of the Union of South Africa, where a law prohibiting mixed marriages has just been enacted. What is more, South Africa has for long proclaimed her right to incorporate Bechuanaland—and the sister Protectorates of Basutoland and Swaziland—into Union territory: Britain, who now administers these territories, has stated time and again that she cannot agree to their transfer to the Union without consulting the people; and it is known that while South African native policy is what it is, Britain will do her best to avoid any forcing of the issue. But will the Union take the arrival of a White woman "Queen" in a land next door as the occasion for action?

When Seretse's marriage was known last January, he was immediately recalled to Serowe, the capital of Bechuanaland, where Chief Tshekedi has his seat. Tradition is entirely against a Chief marrying except by strict tribal law and custom, according to which Seretse could not marry any wife without the consent of the tribe—still less a White wife. Seretse had defied this tradition and the matter had to be thrashed out in the *kgotla*, or tribal assembly. The *kgotla* faced him with an ultimatum: either he must give up his wife, or renounce his right of accession. Seretse went back to London.

In June he returned to Serowe and the case was reopened. This time more than 6,000 tribesmen gathered in Council, and four days were spent in excited discussion. Seretse announced that on no account would he give up his White wife, and he threw out the challenge: "Stand up those of you who will not accept my wife." Things had changed since the January parley; only 40 men stood up. Then Seretse called: "Stand up those who want me and my wife as well." Almost the entire 6,000 rose and applauded him thunderously for ten minutes. Chief Tshekedi was defeated, and forthwith, together with 40 headmen, withdrew into voluntary exile. But he did not withdraw with a good grace. "I will not claim the Chief's chair and all my rights," he is reported to have said, "but, if he persists in bringing his White wife I will fight him to the end."

At first blush, this might look like a straightforward case of racial and tribal prejudice, with Seretse as a young Sir Galahad defying the dead hand of ancient custom, and arousing spontaneous enthusiasm by his valour. But mixed in to the situation is a strong element of personality and intrigue. From all reports, Chief Tshekedi is an intelligent and forceful personage who, since 1924, has swayed somewhat tyrannically the affairs of Bechuanaland. The young men may well have resented his methods, even though his intentions may have been benevolent; and there are reports of vassal tribes only too anxious to see a change in the Chieftainship. It is now alleged that the meeting at Serowe was "packed" by men who, for one reason or another, were anxious to get rid of Tshekedi; that in point of fact, the vote was a put-up job reflecting more an anti-Tshekedi feeling than any enthusiasm for Seretse with his White wife. And if Seretse were to accede to the Chieftainship and to produce a half-caste child as an heir, an endless vista of trouble, exploited by an unreconciled Tshekedi in the offing, opens up for Bechuanaland.

So much for the conflict between the old and the new. There might, in any event, have been a struggle for the Chieftainship between Seretse and Tshekedi; but the White wife has complicated things. The deepest prejudices of the tribesmen have been stirred; and equally deep prejudices, in reverse, have been churned up in

South Africa and S. Rhodesia. The Dutch Reformed Church has already called for a withholding of recognition from Seretse; the marriage was officially condemned in the Parliament of S. Rhodesia; and the awkward decision whether or not to recognise Seretse now lies with the Commonwealth Relations Office in London. The three High Commission territories have never come under the Colonial Office because it was understood that at some unspecified date they might be incorporated in the Union of South Africa. Britain has already stated emphatically—in spite of pressure from neighbouring countries—that she will not decide this issue on a racial basis. It has never been British policy to oppose mixed marriages, and this cannot be the decisive factor in Bechuanaland to-day. But what must be decided is whether the *kgotla* which acclaimed Seretse and his wife was properly constituted and its decisions valid; whether indeed Ruth Williams can be recognised as the "Queen."

It is a tough nut for the Cabinet and the Commonwealth Relations Office to crack, because at this point arises the much wider issue of the future of the three High Commission territories. South Africa has long demanded that they be immediately incorporated into the Union and since Malan has been in office the demand has become more emphatic. South Africa resents these little enclaves of British territory wedged into her own frontiers, challenging her reactionary native policy. Economically, too, the territories are tied up with the Union. Moreover, whatever we may think of Malan's native policy, our own consciences in regard to the three Protectorates are none too clean. We have, it is true, refused to transfer them to the Union, but we have done very little to make them decent, habitable places. Until the last couple of years, practically no money was spent on them; they were considered a backwater in the Colonial Service and their officials were recruited largely from South Africa herself. We have refused to allow South African intervention in their affairs, but we could hold out no constructive vision of our own regarding their future.

And now, what if a White woman is accepted by the Bamangwato? In her very person she constitutes a provocation to the whole of South African racial theory. And what if, as a result of the White consort's presence, Bechuanaland becomes a hive of court intrigue and tribal unrest? May not South Africa be tempted simply to walk in and take control? At the moment Malan is holding his hand; perhaps he fears a head-on collision with Britain which would precipitate South Africa's withdrawal from the Commonwealth. Not that he would eventually oppose secession, but the time is not opportune: rash action now would lose him support from the English element. But if trouble persists, Bechuanaland will be a permanent temptation to South Africans, with the history of the Jameson Raid bred in their bones. Yet is Britain, in the face of this threat, to betray her own racial liberality, with all that that will mean to public opinion throughout the Commonwealth?

In such dilemmas Britain has a classic answer—to appoint a Commission of Inquiry! A Judicial Inquiry is therefore announced. It will investigate "the circumstances attendant" on the acceptance of Seretse at Serowe last June. Legally, this is strictly in order: if there is any doubt regarding the accession to the Chieftainship, the British Government may, according to an existing agreement, undertake just such an inquiry. In the meantime Tshekedi will remain in exile and an official will carry on the government.

RITA HINDEN

A LONDON DIARY

I NEVER cease to be amazed at the way in which political prejudice can overcome scientific knowledge and even normal humanity. Take the case of Surgeon Vice-Admiral Sir Sheldon Dudley, a distinguished pathologist who was once honorary surgeon to King George VI and, until 1945, Medical Director-General of the Royal Navy. According to the press, he told a conference at Oxford that our present health insurance scheme is "an institution for taking care of the sick and unhealthy at the expense of the healthy." Why he should regard this as a criticism, I cannot make out. I am sure Sir Sheldon is an excellent husband and father, and that, if his wife or child were ill, he would not neglect them on the ground that to obtain proper attention for them would be at the expense of himself and other healthy persons. He is also reported as saying, reckless fellow, that Britain's National Health Service should be called a "national ill-health service."

* * *

The "ill-health" must have started very suddenly. I call to witness the Ministry of Health's official account of the "excellent" state of Britain's health in the year 1947—a year which, after eight years of austerity, included one of the worst periods in human memory of cold, drought, flood and shortage. One of the best indices of a country's well-being is its infantile death rate; Britain's had dropped to 38 per thousand live-births, as compared with 80 in 1921. Maternal mortality was the lowest on record, 1.17 per 1,000 births. Astonishing improvements were recorded in cases of special diseases. The effect of the campaign for immunisation against diphtheria was that the total number of deaths from this disease were 244, which is one-tenth of the average annual number between 1931 and 1940. Reduction in the number of notified official cases from about 55,000 before the war to 10,000 in 1947 meant that 2,500 nurses were released for other work. Even more important perhaps as an answer to people like Sir Sheldon Dudley is the observable fact of the robust health of British children; anybody who is in doubt of it should go to a poor district and compare even the slum children of to-day with those before the war. Sir Wilson Jameson, the author of this Report, is a hard-headed Scot who has been Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health since 1940. He makes no bones about the principal reason for the continual improvement in the figures for maternal and infant mortality. He says bluntly that they are due to the enlightened food policy pursued since austerity began.

* * *

I heard one curious example of American irritation at British habits (which have nothing to do with Socialism) in a pub near Dorking. An American had come in on the day before and pulled out a roll of dollar bills. When the publican refused them as payment, he protested that, wherever he had gone, English people had shown the same contempt for American dollars, and even pretended not to know what they were worth. "One has to go to the spivs in London," he concluded, "to get a bill changed. Whereas anyone in France is only too willing to get hold of dollars." I laughed at the story, and remarked that I was surprised that anyone did not know the value of a dollar. "I have no idea," said the publican. "What is it?" The moral of this is partly no doubt that people still have a highly meritorious dislike of the black market. But there is another less edifying explanation. On our island we have never had to worry about foreign currencies, as a Frenchman must. What the American was discovering is that British insularity is just as strong as American isolationism, and infinitely irritating. When sterling was all-mighty, we should have regarded a Frenchman's refusal of a pound note as a direct personal insult. How much more infuriating for an American to have his dollars waved aside by a recipient of Marshall Aid!

* * *

Of course the present wave of anti-British feeling in America is, in part, political. Directly Stalin decided to be accommodating and the war scare receded, the United States automatically reverted to its traditional dislike of Britain. Much of the hatred of Roosevelt and the New Deal was transferred to the Labour Government, and for this reason it has taken on a new vindictiveness. When two Americans discuss Labour Britain, they are really arguing about the future of the U.S.A.; and many of those who denounce British Socialists most violently do so with a full awareness that if our experiment succeeds over here it will be tried, sooner or later, on the other side of the Atlantic. This is why the trade union and liberal groups, like the A.D.A., which used to be isolationist and anti-British, have now swung over to our side. They realise that the prospects of the Fair Deal are bound up with those of the Labour Government. For the first time in history, British and American politics are dividing on the same lines and on the same issues, with Mr. Churchill and Senator Kem (who would bar Marshall Aid to "nationalisers") on one side and Sir Stafford Cripps and the Reuther brothers on the other. This seems to me a hopeful development, and makes me not unduly depressed by the news of our unpopularity.

* * *

Things, I gather, are not going too smoothly in the discussions of the draft Austrian Treaty which the Foreign Ministers' deputies are supposed to complete by the end of this month. The immediate stumbling-block appears to be the division of Austria's oil resources, of which it was agreed in principle that the Soviet Union's share, by way of reparations, should be 60 per cent. The Russian complaint is that the Western negotiators are trying to fob them off with a quota of wells which would represent indeed three-fifths of the total in production, but would include an unfair proportion of wells producing low-quality oil or approaching exhaustion. The British and American view, on the other hand, is that the Russian claim, which is to the whole of the Vienna Basin area, is tantamount to asking for rights over practically the whole of the territory worth future development, and that the Anglo-American oil interests in Austria would be left with a wasting asset. I suppose this sort of hard bargaining was bound to happen; but surely common sense would suggest that the *whole* of the Austrian oilfields should be worked by a single mixed consortium—half Russian, half Anglo-American—and the resulting production divided in the agreed proportions. As soon as it comes to a question of the comparative values of individual wells, the possibilities of disagreement in a share-out are infinite.

* * *

I was glad to learn that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has granted leave to appeal against the death sentence passed under the Malayan Emergency Regulations on the young Indian clerk, Sambasivam, convicted of having in his possession an unloaded revolver. The conviction and sentence caused great concern in Delhi, and it is a good thing that the whole case should now be reviewed by the Judicial Com-

mittee. Mr. D. N. Pritt put some remarkable allegations before the Law Lords. His story was that Sambasivam (admittedly stabbed in the course of a jungle fight with Malays), was first charged with possession of a revolver and ammunition. He was acquitted; but the Judge held that there was a case to answer in respect to the revolver, even if there were no evidence of its being loaded or of the accused having carried ammunition. A new trial was ordered; and, when the case came up a second time, the Court was confronted by the police with a confession which Sambasivam was alleged to have made on the night after the "incident". Found guilty of the revised charge, he was sentenced to death. Why was the alleged confession not produced at the first trial? That curious question is one which the Judicial Committee will doubtless probe. At the trial, Sambasivam, I gather, denied having made the confession, and contended that he was unconscious in hospital at the time it was alleged to have been made.

* * *

Little David, the fourteen-year-old American "Miracle Boy," is already claiming cures at heavily publicised meetings in London. English reporters have so far treated his God-given powers with robust scepticism. The *Sunday Pictorial* allowed itself to refer to him as "an unpleasant American brat," and recommended healthy outdoor exercise, including a kick in the pants. David claims to have spent five hours in Heaven when he was nine, and has never looked down since. At his first "Press Conference" in London he was asked if it had occurred to him that this celestial experience might have been a dream. Little David faltered. "Nobody ever asked me that before!" he said. "I must think out an answer."

POLYCRITIC

WESTWARD UNION HO !

O Western Union ship at thine anchorage lying,
Dressed with half Europe's colours fore and aft,
All flags, excepting the Blue Peter, flying,
Emblem of unity, seamanship, statecraft,
Thy sailors hauled from many a foundering raft,
Shipmates of shipwrecked nations, too long parted,
What tides will bear thee, and what fair winds waft?
Whither, O ship—thy maiden voyage started?

Vessel auspicious, exultantly hailed at thy mooring,
Joy bells and cheering resound,
and the cannon have roared,
Symbol of hope long deferred but for ever enduring,
What seaways will open before thee, never explored?
And now the round dozen of captains
are coming aboard,
And soon from the shore men will
watch thee splendidly gliding . . .
But stay! Thy commanders for once
in cordial accord,
Delay thy departure, O ship, at thine anchor riding.

Only the waves of cheering are over thee breaking,
Only the tides of eloquence round thee flow,
The Steering Committee is blessing thine undertaking,
But only on one condition—thou must not go,
Till they, on the hazy horizon espying the foe,
Shall bid thee proceed, O vessel of all the nations,
By the Atlantic battle fleet taken in tow,
Over the thundering seas, to sinking stations.

What though guns boom, flags fly and bells are ringing,
And, wishing thee godspeed, crowds line the quay?
No sailing orders reach thee, at anchor swinging,
No voyage of hopeful discovery is charted for thee.
A landmark symbolic fast moored to
the shore thou must be.
Nor, though the sky be clear and the tide flowing,
May venturous pilots take thee out to sea.
O Ship of Union, nowhere art thou going.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Official reports to the Colonial Office prove that Britain's use of forced labour in the colonies is extremely limited and mainly for the benefit of the natives themselves.—*News Chronicle*. (J. Gordon.)

Orpington (Boys)—Master, General Subjects. Interest in Retarded Boys and/or Bee-keeping.—Advert. in *Education*. (E. South.)

The British Press is included in the list of prayers of thanksgiving in the August issue of the *Peterborough Diocesan Leaflet*. "Let us thank God," the 14,000 readers are enjoined, "for the reassuring report of the Royal Commission on the Press."—*World's Press News*. (R. H. Spikes.)

The council will be asked by the public works committee to-morrow to institute court proceedings against Mr. — because, they say, he lets his wife use the house as a spiritualist church. The committee say this is contrary to the Town and Country Planning Act.—*Daily Mail*. (S. C. Foster.)

VEXED KOREA

[Since the following despatch was written by Mr. Roth, there have been reports of renewed clashes on the Border between North and South Korea. President Syngman Rhee has this month received a visit from Chiang Kai-shek, who is endeavouring to rally a Pacific Front against Communism.]

As the summer sun bakes the hillsides and warms the young rice shoots on the Korean peninsula, the political barometer creeps menacingly past the "danger" mark. In the drab streets of mountain-cupped Seoul, capital of South Korea, the slogans of the militant Youth Groups grow increasingly aggressive. South Korea's neurotic Right-wing Government leaders clamour stridently for U.S. help to "unify" Korea, that is, to conquer the North. Meanwhile, North Korea trains more agents to infiltrate across the border and take the leadership of local rebellions in the South, while its official radio makes bombastic promises of impending "liberation." On the 38th parallel—now one of the most precarious frontiers of the cold war—exchanges between trigger-happy outposts often lead to clashes between units of the U.S.-trained South Korean army and the Soviet-trained North Korean army.

When the last combat units of the U.S. Army departed at the beginning of July—leaving behind a training mission of about five hundred men—the situation became more unstable. The few thousand U.S. troops which had remained in South Korea after four years of occupation had undoubtedly been a deterrent against any aggressive action by the North Koreans. They likewise served as a check-rein on irresponsible actions by the unstable, headstrong South Korean leaders. But with the Chinese Communists in full control of Manchuria, South Korea had become strategically indefensible. Further occupation became politically indefensible as well, because the U.S. had promised the U.N. that it would withdraw, and the Soviets had announced their withdrawal from North Korea last December. The U.S. publicly refused the blackmailing demands of the South Korean Government not to withdraw its forces until a very substantial army, navy and air force had been equipped and trained. Privately, American diplomats and military men on the spot insist that they have left behind enough supplies and training personnel to train and equip a South Korean army of 100,000 regulars and 200,000 reserves, which—together with the hundreds of thousands in militarised Youth Groups—should be enough to resist any North Korean attack.

The war is still "cold"; but the moderates on both sides of the border have been squeezed into silence. In the South the tone is set by the expropriated wealthy refugees from the North—now preachers of a "holy war" against Communism. In the North the keynote is sounded by the tortured escapees from the South, and the zealots for whom the expansion of Communism is the ultimate in human progress. Virtually all the advocates of moderation in the South Korean National Assembly have been arrested. The most recent batch, including the Assembly's vice-chairman, Kim Yak Soo, were arrested for not wanting Korea to become a "second Greece." They wrote a letter on June 17 saying they thought this would happen if Americans remained in South Korea to train the Army, and the Russians did the same in North Korea. They urged the withdrawal of both training missions.

Even more significant was the assassination at the end of June of the Right-wing leader, Kim Koo, who had opposed the civil war incitements of President Syngman Rhee. Politically, this ex-terrorist of the Thirties was as reactionary as Syngman Rhee. The strength of his Korean Independence Party came in large part from Korean landlords, and he was as anti-Soviet as the President. But he detested Koreans who had collaborated with the Japanese, while Rhee has surrounded himself with wealthy collaborationists. Even more vital, Kim Koo favoured negotiation and compromise in order to achieve a peaceful unification of Korea. In 1948 he refused to take part in the elections, on the grounds that, since North Korea was not participating, it would harden the division between the two parts. He also enraged Rhee (and the Americans) by taking part in a conference with the North Korean leaders at Pyongyang. Little came of it; but when I last saw Kim Koo, at the end of May, this year, he was hopeful that a peaceful unification could be achieved. He felt that in an armed conflict the North would win.

North Korea has proposed a nation-wide election to establish a constituent assembly to reunite Korea. To have any value, this would have to be supervised on both sides of the border, not by the present U.N. Commission, which is loaded with pro-U.S. countries, but with a Commission containing also States friendly to the U.S.S.R. To succeed, it would have to be able to hold back repressive police influence on both sides and permit moderates to run and be openly supported. The difficult decision is America's, because only U.S. economic influence could force Dr. Rhee to hold a really *free* election, and, although it would save the U.S. $150,000,000 in aid to Korea, it would probably lose the U.S. a political ally because the likely result would be a Left-Centre coalition, tending in the long run to be pulled into China's orbit. As it is, despite political killings, police terrorism and American economic aid, South Korea is bound ultimately to share the fate of Kuomintang China.

At bottom, Korea's struggle, like the struggle in China, is one between a Right-wing party drawing its strength from the "haves" and a Left-wing party drawing its strength from the "have-nots" in a society characterised by pressures for change. The Korean Democratic Nationalist Party (K.D.N.P.), which dominates President Rhee's South Korea is, like the Kuomintang, fundamentally a landlords' party.

North Korea, in turn, mirrors the "liberated" portion of China. Little wonder, for three of the five top North Korean leaders are products of

Yenan, wartime capital of the Chinese Communists. Choe Yong-gun, Commander-in-Chief, and Kim Mu-chong, Deputy C.-in-C. of the North Korean People's Army, were for many years high among the leaders of the Chinese Communist Army. Kim Tu-bong, an outstanding Korean scholar, headed a training school and the Korean Independence League, both of which were situated in Yenan. He is now chairman of the Soviet-backed North Korean Labour Party.

The Korean Communists have modelled their land reform programme largely on that of the Chinese Communists, using many of the same techniques of classifying peasants as "poor," "middle" and "rich," and the same techniques of redistribution. There is one crucial aspect, however, in which their land distribution differs from that of the Chinese Communists. The Chinese Communists redistribute the *ownership* of the land, while the North Koreans redistribute the *use* of the land, keeping the title in the hands of the village "People's Council." This is reported to have aroused some resentment by the North Korean peasants, who are as anxious as the Chinese peasants to have personal title to their own land. With title in communal hands, it will be easier for the North Koreans to convert to collective farms.

Nowhere in the world have the Russians and Americans jointly occupied a country and left their contrasting imprints so strongly marked on two contending sponsored Governments. In South Korea the U.S. has erected a regime whose ideals are much closer to despotism than democracy. The U.S. Army occupation authorities might have preferred a more moderate Right-wing than Rhee. But they permitted the development of conditions which made Rhee inevitable. To stop the advance of Soviet influence, they allied themselves with the extreme anti-Communists, who have used all the totalitarian techniques of police terrorism and torture. They wanted a conservative, anti-Communist State, but spawned a Rightist police State. The Russians, on their part, spawned a Leftish police State.

Under these conditions the U.N. Commission on Korea is almost useless—a "political baby-sitter," as one delegate described it. Overshadowing all else is the fact that the division of Korea is a product of the Soviet-American tug of war. Boycotted by the Soviet Union and its allies, the Commission is composed entirely of those in the U.N. friendly to the U.S. The Commission's efforts, harried by the South Koreans, are completely stonewalled by the North Koreans.

Korea as a whole is a rather wealthy, well-balanced little State; but South Korea has two-thirds of its population and a very small proportion of its economic resources. Almost all the minerals, and most of the electric power and fertiliser-producing plants are located in the North. Thus the U.S.—which has done some very creditable things indeed in the economic field—has pumped in some $250 millions' worth of food, fertilisers and raw materials just to keep the South Korean economy afloat. The current plan is to spend U.S. $150 millions for the coming year because otherwise "there is complete assurance that (South) Korea will go in two or three months," as Dean Acheson has pointed out. However, even with this substantial U.S. contribution, it is doubtful whether South Korea will make very much progress toward recovery because, as in Kuomintang China, South Korea's corrupt, clique-ridden Government is more interested in fighting Communism militarily than competing with it economically.

Seoul, July. ANDREW ROTH

CIVILITIES

A MAN was fined at Bow Street recently as a result of a quarrel in an Underground train; he had reproached a woman passenger for allowing the two small boys with her to occupy seats when there were women standing. There were angry words, he produced his identity card which she tore to pieces, something like blows followed, an imitation pearl necklace was broken, and it all ended up at Bow Street. The whole story is almost grotesquely contemporary in its idiom; in particular the production and tearing up of the identity card would no doubt seem deeply significant to a thirtieth-century anthropologist studying the rites of English society in the 1940's. But the chief point at issue was the conflict between two codes of manners—should the small boys have surrendered their seats to the ladies?

The civilities of London—the manners of this great city—have certainly changed. Some would say they have not merely changed but vanished altogether. Certain of the rites and ceremonies which used to adorn life in the streets, the shops, the public transport of London have indeed vanished. No man any longer takes off his hat as he passes the Cenotaph, or when the Colours or a funeral go by. Service men in uniform do not salute the passing officer. Women no longer bow when they recognise an acquaintance. Cars do not slow down for the riders of nervous horses on their way to Rotten Row. Even the right of way of the fire-engine and the ambulance is not much respected; those flashes of scarlet or white, before which the traffic of a crowded street used to cleave aside like clods flung away from a plough-share, now have to weave their way like morris-dancers through cars and lorries stubbornly clinging to the crown of the road. And in trains and buses women stand while boys and youths sit. All claims based on privilege or exception are disallowed—all that is comprehended in Shakespeare's "Primogenitive and due of birth, Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels," the degrees and differences which had their "authentic place" in his ideal of a community. But not in ours. The laurels avail no more than the sceptres; a disabled ex-Serviceman recently wrote to the papers that in France special seats were reserved for "Mutilés" in all public transport, but that in England they had to compete on equal terms with the able-bodied for a foothold on the bus. Nor does age enjoy its prerogative. I have seen a lame old lady pleading to be allowed to join the standing passengers inside a bus, saying she could not mount the stairs to the top because she had a stiff leg, only to be told sharply by the conductress—"Well that's not my fault is it?" and turned firmly off onto the pavement again.

But I do not think good manners are altogether dead and buried. Civilities of a new kind have taken the place of the old—civilities based in the first place on *rights*, not privileges; a dour deference for the first comer, the man at the head of the queue. I have often heard women in shops, when at last the assistant has asked what they want, back away with—"This lady was before me, I think." There is a whole ritual of the queue. "Would you keep my place for me?" says one woman to the stranger next to her, as she rushes off to reclaim a straying child; but when she comes back, she may be greeted with black looks by those farther down the queue who did not see her there before, and may have to explain that she isn't really a queue-jumper. It is a social occasion, too; not always a tranquil one, but the glances exchanged are as often full of friendly curiosity as of ill-temper. Everyone knows where they stand, and that is very reassuring for many shy uneasy people. Queues have been described as the curse of the long-suffering housewife, and anxious politicians with their minds on the women's vote have expended a wealth of sympathy on this point. But the queue has become something more complex than a mere weariness in the minds of Londoners. Why else do women rise before dawn to encircle whole blocks with a queue hundreds strong, on a mere rumour of an extra supply of nylon stockings, on the securing of which it is hardly possible that much of their happiness could depend? Why did the allegedly overburdened housewife and the allegedly non-existent man of leisure line up in their thousands, for six hours at a stretch, with equal zest to see Princess Elizabeth's signature in the Abbey marriage register and the outside of a police van containing Haigh? The queue has become an end in itself, and must answer some deep-seated need of our time. An Italian said to me the other day—"Post-war England is splendid—so disciplined—your queueing is so wonderful; that could not happen in Italy" and then he looked thoughtful, and added—"Perhaps your queueing is a little *too* wonderful."

What is the secret of this strange enjoyment? Is it a representation in little of the whole pattern of social security now preferred? No one can push in ahead by sheer strength and skill and win the prize—a fortune or a dozen boxes of chocolates—which the majority won't get. But equally no one will be quite left out; even the tail of the queue will be saved from complete destitution—all will get their two ounces of jujubes by mere waiting and shuffling along at intervals.

But fear alone doesn't account for it. There is love too in this new code of manners—a Love of the Rules. It is something more than the traditional English law-abidingness. Even an army of bureaucrats could not successfully enforce so many regulations on an unwilling population. It is more than acquiescence—it is an intellectual consent that is almost devout. The vacuum left by the abandonment of religious ritual and social ceremony has been filled by a new rite—a worship of The Rules and the strange gods behind them. "No I'm afraid we're right out of those—we're waiting for our quota" says the stationer, with a mixture of exasperation and reverence for the goddess Quota such as was once accorded by anxious Greek farmers to Demeter, bringer of harvests. "I'm full up now—only eight standing inside—I can't take any more" chants the bus conductor, with all the complacency of a Calvinist separating the few elect from the multitudes of the damned. "They all have to go for Export" mourns the man in the china shop—so might Canaanite mothers have spoken, with acquiescent regret, of their children immolated to Moloch. These dreary gods, these meticulous rules, impose a welcome pattern on the lives of the order-loving Londoners, though probably few are aware of it. We all side with the bus conductor when he turns the ninth standing passenger off the bus again; it is a Rule, and therefore holy.

Pity and courtesy are emotions aroused by the individual, the exception, and there is no place for them in a civility based on Love of the Rules. But justice and discipline are perhaps producing a new civility, hard, graceless and colourless, but safe. The lame, the old, the women with heavy babies, will not be let in first; but, when their turn does come, no one will be allowed to do them out of it. We had a game like that when we were children, played with dice on a board and based on the Beatrix Potter books. There were four men who moved round the board

through various hazards—Jeremy Fisher would lose his galoshes and have to throw two ones before he could get on; Peter Rabbit would go and look for some parsley because he was feeling sick, and lose two turns. But the hazards were so nicely balanced that everybody nearly always got to the end in the same order as they started. It wasn't nearly as exciting as Ludo, that cut-throat every-man-for-himself game; but it was much less apt to end in tears. J. C. FENNESSY

. . . AND HEAVEN TOO

EVERYONE, including Mr. Paul Hoffman, agrees that the Italians must acquire more industry if they are to escape a more or less disastrous breakdown once American relief is withdrawn. But since the capital necessary to maintain even the present level of production, much less to build a new industrial system, is not forthcoming —for reasons discussed last week—the Italian Government has confined its efforts to the job of cutting the cost of maintenance of existing industry. Much of this industry is now idle or nearly so. The central task, then, is to secure the dismissal of workers now on the books of firms which, like Breda, are working to less than 60 per cent. of capacity. That is why the unions have concentrated, in their many strikes and demonstrations of the past twelve months, in opposing dismissals rather than in demanding higher wages or better conditions. Their fight is essentially a fight for work.

Late in 1948, for example, when the management of the Breda works "went on strike" over this question of dismissals, for 45 days the workers carried on without them rather than leave the works. Production during this period remained at much the previous level. Running short of materials, these workers collected about six million lire (nearly £3,000) among themselves for the purchase of ferro-manganese and other raw materials. Workers at Isotta-Fraschini (closed down in July) copied this example by giving up three days' pay as a contribution to the purchase of raw materials. Workers at the Barghetti steelworks at Trezzo d'Adda lately refused to take back-pay which was owing to them if this should mean—as the owner proposed —the sale of raw material stocks. Remarkably few employees are said to have accepted the offer, made currently at Breda's, of 1,200 hours' pay for any man who should spontaneously sack himself—and help the employers, that is, "to get rid of surplus labour." Most recently, the owners of Alfa-Romeo last week declared a lock-out for 20 days, since "the abusive re-entry of dismissed workers has put the management in an impossible position"—has forced them, that is, to keep the wheels turning.

Many of these factories, no doubt, need new equipment to enable them to produce at competitive prices. Many of them need reorganisation. Yet these and others like them form the backbone of Italian industry; to abandon them, as they are being abandoned at present, means effectively to limit Italy to light industry, agriculture, and a little mining. It is strongly contested on their behalf, furthermore, that there is no need to abandon them; an investigation carried out earlier this year by 28 parliamentary deputies of Milan, representing the Demo-Christians and Right-wing Socialists as well as the parties of the Left, concluded that the Government should revise its whole policy of investment and that the grave position of these industries "demanded of the Government and its dependants a far-reaching study of the condition of Milanese industry." Many of these plants are by no means short of orders. Caproni's, for instance, has large orders for tram cars which are now suspended for lack of the funds to finance their manufacture.

Much the same impression of stagnation is gained in the agricultural sector. Apart from pointing out that high prices of farm machinery and fertiliser were partly caused by monopolist control of these industries, the Hoffman report committed still worse errors of taste and dared even to criticise the landowners. "Owing to uncertainty with regard to land reform," it declared, "landowners were unwilling to make the necessary investments in land improvements and capital equipment." And here once more the unions have intervened: it was one of the objects of the land-workers' strikes of May and June to force the landowners to agree to invest more money in their own land.

All these criticisms, clearly enough, refer essentially to the absence of modernisation through structural change which I touched upon in an earlier article. That the Americans should at one and the same time oppose structural change (by backing the Demo-Christians to the hilt) and call for Keynesian remedies (by "aggressive public investment") is some measure of their intellectual confusion; but it is the first, in any case, that prevails. The final figure for Italian "recovery," delivered baldly at the foot of the statistical table, may now show industry and agriculture approaching 80 or 90 per cent. of 1938 (when there were only 800,000 unemployed). Clearly enough, this bare proportion is highly misleading. Not only is monopolist control increasing (with its corollary of restricted production); not only are small firms going bankrupt in growing numbers (the number of failures last December, for example, was 46 per cent. greater than when De Gasperi again took office in the previous April); not only is heavy industry not being developed but being allowed, on the contrary, to rot in idleness; not only are stocks mounting and employment falling—but, and this surely is what matters most, there is no prospect of any genuine improvement while policies remain as they are. Yet the Demo-Christians, as we have seen, are in so tight a corner now as to be able to change these policies only by making concessions to the Left—to those very people, indeed, whom the Pope has just excommunicated.

Some had thought that American capital might be found to give Italian industry new life. But American investors appear to have no more intention than their Italian friends of sinking money into an industrial complex where high costs must for a long time mean low profits. It may be that American capital has found its way into Fiat, Montecatini, Pirelli, the electricity companies and other monopolist or quasi-monopolist concerns where fat profits are assured; otherwise it has preferred to buy up banks, hotels and real estate, leaving industry to fish for itself. So far as they have a plan (other than that of attempting to demoralise the trade unions by a "cure" of unemployment), the Italian industrialists and the Government evidently pin their faith to a vague hope of absorbing part of the unemployed (in unspecified industries) and exporting the rest (to unspecified countries). Quite apart from the dubious charity of condemning many of their fellow-citizens to exile or starvation, this Demo-Christian plan scarcely carries conviction. Where in the Western world does a labour shortage to-day exist or threaten? Where can a million Italians find a home—not forgetting that every year the excess of births over deaths numbers nearly 400,000? Italy's admittedly optimistic 4-year plan, after all, provides only for another 1,200,000 jobs in industry by 1953—which means that unemployment in three years time, even in the best of circumstances, would still be above the two million mark. There remains, of course, the industrial solution which Mussolini provided. Preparation for war could again alleviate the pressure of unemployment. As Mr. James Dunn, the U.S. Ambassador to Italy, is reported to have pleaded before the U.S. Senate—"if the arms Bill is passed, some Italian factories could make military supplies for Atlantic Pact countries, thus relieving Italian unemployment."

A little conversation soon persuades one that even the promoters of this "recovery" do not really believe in it. But what else can they say? For they are tied in their thoughts and their interests to a conception of Italy and of social organisation that is fundamentally pre-industrial, feudal where it is not parasitical, antediluvian where it is not simply out-of-date. Both in the political and economic fields the lessons seem to be the same: that American intervention and the Marshall Plan have not brought about the resurrection and enlivening of Italy, but have propped up a system and a structure of society which can no longer exploit or even contain, but in order to survive must severely cut down and cramp, the energies and exuberance of this fruitful and ingenious people. Without this intervention and all it has meant the way might have lain free for new and positive development. As it is, the "recovery" of the Marshall Plan has proved a *cul de sac*. With this addition—that withdrawal from the *cul de sac* is blocked by a policeman. And the policeman has a gun.

BASIL DAVIDSON

SO THEY SAY . . .

Last week, the Ministry of Health's report for the year 1947-8 recorded that new health records were established in infant and maternal mortality and in many diseases. "The enlightened food policy," added the report, "pursued since austerity began . . . has had no small share in this continual improvement."

Heartening words indeed—even, one would have thought, for the readers of the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Graphic*, and the *Daily Express*, who, whatever may be thought of their political perspicacity, must be presumed to live, eat and die like the rest of the newspaper-reading public.

The *Daily Mail*, however, last Saturday completely suppressed the report, except for that portion of it which dealt with the increase in food poisoning.

The *Daily Graphic* likewise concerned itself with food poisoning, permitting itself to quote only the remark that the nation's health in 1947-8 was "excellent."

The *Daily Express* also played on the dangers lurking in ice-cream and dried egg, but added a little story praising its readers for their "toughness" in that hard year. From the whole report it chose this passage to conclude with:

> Nevertheless, the British people, with their accustomed resilience, cheered by the warm summer and in the autumn by the enthusiasm roused by the Royal wedding, made a great recovery, and the mortality records were again lowered . . .

There's None So Deaf

Daily Mirror, August 3:

WE SHIP CARS BACK FROM U.S. AT £500,000 LOSS

> Mr. Leonard Lord, chairman of Austin's, said last night: ". . . the vehicles are now unsuitable for sale in America."

Daily Mail, August 3:

> The Austin Motor Company would not comment last night on the homecoming of these vehicles . . .

Daily Graphic, August 4:

> An Austin Motor Company official revealed yesterday that the company was bringing hundreds of new export cars back to Britain because they could not be sold in the United States "with dignity."

Daily Mail, August 4:

> No official explanation of the return of these cars was given yesterday by the Austin Motor Company in England . . .

AUTOLYCUS

LETTERS FROM TWO ISLANDS

Isle of Britain

. . . . These days I am almost lost in the Land of Make-believe, whose frontier post, usually at the end of a dirty alley, is called the Stage Door. In this land all the rooms have only three walls and these, no matter how solid they may look, are made of canvas and thin wood. The flowers have no smell and must be proof against fire. Sunlight, moonlight, starlight, can be switched on and off, according to an agreed plan. The decorations, the furniture, the glasses and cups and saucers, the very cigarettes, are planned in this strange country. And not a word spoken is left to chance : every inflection has been carefully studied. The merest glance has meaning here. Its time is different for in this land it is possible, within the compass of a half-hour of our time, for a host and hostess to discuss their dinner guests, give them cocktails, soup, joint, pudding, coffee, enjoy some after-dinner talk, see them out and then return and quarrel about them. Here the Cough is the enemy, more dreaded than bankruptcy and cancer. And all that the people in this land, as they mimic the life of the outer world on their wooden platforms, as they argue in dusty corners or hurry about the real city in search of suitable wigs and costumes, hope for is a strange, ugly rattling sound, heard above the swishing of the rising and falling curtain, the sound of clapping hands. And if those hands remain inert, making no sound, then we in this land die a score of deaths, for we have offered these visitors everything we possess—our ideas, our dreams, our beauty as women, our virility and wit and insight as men, all our professional skill and experience, all our immediate hopes, to-morrow's glory and next year's rent and grocers' bills—and if, being offered so much, they will not even trouble to make some noise with their hands, then our humiliation is terrible. A strange land, though it is nothing but the outer world in miniature and brought into sharper focus, so that it baffles the newcomer because it seems to contain so much lying and cheating and horrible egoism mixed with so much kindness and generosity and selfishness.

As you know, by this time I am far from being a newcomer. What is this—for I forget—the twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh new play? Sometimes I wonder how much longer I can continue to make these plunges into Make-believe. While all the anxieties and vexations are still there—though the lines of the play do not go beating through my mind all night as they used to do, years ago—the fun dwindles and the tinsel glory fades. More seems to be lost on the roundabouts than is gained on the swings. I begin to long for the less fevered world of publishers and books. Yet even when here, sometimes I wonder gloomily. The other night I startled some people, when we were discussing professions and careers, by declaring that there were times now when I felt that to be a professional writer was a mistake. When I meet my successful contemporaries in the other professions, they seem so secure and confident in their command of a recognised skill ; and I never hear anybody telling the physicists how to arrange their experiments, the lawyers how to conduct their cases, the surgeons how to perform their operations. Their feet are planted firmly on their own ground. But I have expended as much time, thought, energy, life-stuff, on my profession as they have on theirs ; but nobody knows exactly where I stand, and I am never sure myself. Sometimes people seem to think I am a magician or a wise man, which I am not, and then other people apparently have a notion that I am probably an overpaid mountebank, which may be true but appears to me a poor reward for more than thirty years of highly technical professional work. When I was younger I never thought like this, and I suspect that when I am older I shall not care ; but in the middle fifties, when I meet so many solidly established men in other professions, no more difficult and demanding than mine, these dubieties occasionally haunt me.

The fact that I am an Englishman living in England may have something to do with these doubts. In contemporary England the author seems to have no place of his own. (This is not without its advantages, I admit). He is, I fancy, less securely placed in the social framework than he was in the Victorian Age, when Tennyson and Carlyle, Dickens and Thackeray, appeared to know more or less where they were. In the society that is being reorganised now, with cars and carpets to fit the official job, the writer cannot be neatly fitted in ; there is no pigeon-hole designed for him ; and he is probably the despair of Civil Servants.

A long pleasant letter from an American, who knows England and tells me he works hard for better Anglo-American relations, complaining that these relations, on your side, are continually menaced by the " survival of class distinctions " in this country. Have pointed out to him that class differences have long been part of the atmosphere here, where all classes seem equally reluctant to let go of these differences ; but that even in my time there have been great changes. Thus, when I was a boy, the classes *looked* different, whereas now it is hard at a glance to tell one from the other. (The bronzed, half-naked youngsters I see on their bicycles near my house on the other Island might belong to any class except an indoor one.) I also pointed out to him that while social equality might be—as indeed it is—mixed into the atmosphere of America, I have never been in any country in which very rich men had so much power—in practice if not in theory—as in the United States. For the enjoyment of real privilege as opposed to apparent privilege, I would back William Randolph Hearst against the Duke of Norfolk. Here as in other matters, popular fiction takes the lid off. It is in contemporary American and not English stories that little men are so anxious to please the boss or that the police are so chary of offending " influential citizens." That admirable nickname, " Mr. Big," is American, not English.

Psychologists may differ about the value of Jung's division of humanity into " extroverts " and " introverts." But I wish novelists would stop using these terms until they know what is meant by them. I am always coming across this kind of usage : " Of course Joe, that cheerful extrovert, failed to notice Ruth's frown of disapproval." Well, Joe may have done, but not because he was an extrovert. An extrovert, whose attention is not self-absorbed but goes out to the object, is more likely to notice a frown of disapproval than an introvert. It simply will not do to use " extrovert" for any unobservant and insensitive type. But this common mistake may be less naive than it first appears to be. For by dulling and diminishing the extrovert, it flatters the introvert. (And here let me add that I have no bias in favour of either type, for such a bias would be absurd.) I have a theory that one of the most fashionable illusions of our time is the belief that all genuine works of art are created by introverts for introverts, that real art belongs to introversion. It is this that explains recent trends in criticism (the critics themselves obviously being introverts), the rapid growth of some reputations and the equally rapid decline of some others. And of course artists, like other people, may be either extroverts or introverts, or may move, as I believe Shakespeare did, from an extroverted to an introverted period.

An Englishman abroad has just been complaining about the behaviour of recent English tourists on the Continent, and warns us that such behaviour is making us unpopular. I have never come across the rowdy antics that he rightly protests against—and I suspect he is making too much out of a few unhappy incidents—but he is quite right when he says that we are not much liked abroad. I have noticed myself this sharp drop in our popularity. The difference between now and 1945 is most marked. We appear to rub up everybody the wrong way. First, the power-worshippers turn aside from us and run after the Americans, bulging with beautiful dollars. Then the Communists think we are Capitalists, and the Capitalists think we are almost Communists. In the countries that have forsworn austerity for a short life but a gay one, we appear like projections of the conscience, and so are unwelcome. We have ceased to be rich and powerful but have not yet been accepted as a poor brother. What we achieved in the war is conveniently forgotten, and everything we have failed to achieve in the peace is loudly discussed. We seem to carry neither an olive branch nor a big stick. In foreign affairs we still carry traces of the old *perfide* atmosphere, but begin to look like simpletons in it, as if we were Machiavelli in his dotage. If we are winning friends and influencing people anywhere, then I have not had the luck to meet anybody from that place. As a nation we do not impress the belligerent nor inspire the lovers of peace : we are the people who have made half an atom bomb. Much of this feeling against us is unfair, but some of it is reasonable enough, and is the result, I think, of our not drawing firm lines, taking firm stands, of our sad habit of pursuing tired cynical old policies half-heartedly. And as our Foreign Office is not only responsible for these policies but also controls all our national propaganda, at enormous cost, then it seems to me our Foreign Office is a flop. J. B. PRIESTLEY

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

From " The New Statesman," of August, 1924

From Grower to Greengrocer

. . . At the moment of writing, it is announced that an embargo is to be placed on the handling of fruit and vegetables at all docks and wharves throughout the country, and that some similar action is to be taken by other transport workers in holding up supplies. Both sides have doubtless in the back of their minds the thought that, if the dispute goes on long, it will at last be realised that there is no valid reason for the existence of Covent Garden Market, or for the extraordinarily wasteful system of distribution which it involves.

The Arts and Entertainment

THE SUMMER EXHIBITIONS

It has always been my belief that the least important part of criticism is the verdict: *good: bad:* or something in between. Anyone can say these short words: and almost anyone can "sum up," in a smart epigrammatic form, the exhibited work of a painter or sculptor. Criticism should sacrifice pleasantries of style for a ploddingly careful analysis of what is there on the canvases under review. Criticism should have more in common with science than with poetry for it is the subject you are discussing that is important and not the thing you write about it. I will even go so far as to suggest that the critic should try to purify his writing of any sort of verbal felicities which might deflect attention from the work under discussion by attracting it to itself. Eliot's "The word neither diffident nor ostentatious" says something of what I mean. But above all the catchy phrase is to be avoided because it interposes a vivid verbal thought between the spectator and the painting. It is worse than useless: it impairs the spectator's receptiveness.

I say this now because I am faced with the necessity this week of "covering" seven exhibitions containing in all some 1,400 works! In order to avoid the deadly mixture which degrades the informative "there is a picture of this kind by that painter at so-and-so's gallery" into a lopped, semi-criticism, I propose to list the things you should look out for at each exhibition and to reserve my only criticism for one or two artists. Furthermore I am going to indulge, for reasons of space, in some "goods" and "excellents": normally it seems to me that the thing to aim at is an account, an examination as unadorned as possible by emotive, judgment-bearing adjectives. It is not that one doesn't in fact pass verdicts, for and against. But the verdict depends on the evidence: the critic's main concern should be to present that evidence.

First of all there is a one-man-show at the *Hanover Gallery;* Reg Butler is showing abstract sculptures in iron for the first time. They are very accomplished. They consist of twisting bars bent into formal complexes and are suggestive of large insects or the skeletons of vertebrates. One notices that the element of personality is stronger in them than that of abstract form. The fact that his idiom is abstract does not mean that an artist is chiefly concerned with form or with abstraction: certainly Mr. Butler's main contribution lies in this creation of the personality of creatures. As explorations of spatial form his sculptors are less interesting—so far. For instance, their balance is not always satisfactory; one regrets the fact that certain pieces would topple over if they were not secured at some point to the base—a criticism one cannot make of the beautifully poised tall sculptures of Robert Adams. But Reg Butler has a nervous energy which is not part of Adams's make-up. In welcoming him as a valuable newcomer we note that there now seems more for an abstract sculptor to do than an abstract painter. With rare exceptions pictorial abstraction is drying up and withering into academicism, while sculptural abstraction can still flower.

The largest, most comprehensive and liveliest of the summer exhibitions of contemporary paintings is the present exhibition at the *Redfern Gallery*. From the academic Moynihan to the adventurous Vaughan, from Matthew Smith to MacBryde, there is not a living British painter of distinction who is not represented in a collection (numbering 833 works) which is further enriched by some excellent paintings by eminent continental artists: Derain (266), Goerg (3), Soutine (14), Bonnard (44), Renoir (237), Vuillard (238) and Utrillo (5). The English paintings I particularly recommend are: Pasmore (69 and 61), Matthew Smith (several), John Minton (68 and 29: 29 was the best thing in his recent show), Keith Vaughan (13 and 437), Wyndham Lewis (178), Robert MacBryde (179: the best in *his* recent show), the late Leonard Greaves (71), Adrian Ryan (11 and 27), Graham Sutherland (8, 462 and 486), David Jones (6), Bryan Wynter (472 and his brilliant *Foreshore with Gulls*, 500), the late Jankel Adler (505), L. Petley-Jones (274), Cecil Collins (380), Roy Hobdell (502), R. O. Dunlop (283), Derek Hill (107), John Verney (130), Richard Eurich (190), Ivon Hitchens (231) and a number of important Christopher Woods and unimportant Sickerts.

The first of their two "Fame and Promise" exhibitions at the *Leicester Galleries* is less consistently good. After the *Redfern* it is even a little prim, and in many places dull. A worthy extension of the Sickertian tradition is evident among a number of painters I have not seen before, among them Charles McCall (79) and Leslie Cole (82). The paintings I have noted here are as follows: Derek Hill (53), Louis le Brocquy (32), Sickert (77), Carel Weight (97), Margaret Mellis (98), David Jones (110), Ivon Hitchens (124), Keith Vaughan (135 and 138), R. MacBryde (139), William Scott (144) and Robert Butler (116).

At the opposite pole to the *Leicester Galleries* is *Gimpel Fils;* the first is too safe and steady, the second a shade too adventurous (Red Taylor for instance). Here the good pictures are: Pic (36), L. Petley-Jones (the *Fauve* riverscape, not the other very different one), Peter Potworowski (37—the first interesting Potworowski I have seen), Adrian Ryan (38—a little beauty), Robert Adams (42, an excellent monotype, and a new and promising departure for this artist), Prunella Clough (46), Louis le Brocquy (54), Victor Pasmore (61—a very good abstract), Keith Vaughan (66—the best picture in the show), two mobiles by Lynn Chadwick (one in the inmost room, the other in the window) and a landscape by Suzanne Frémont (not catalogued). The Lynn Chadwick mobiles are exciting: one more instance of the present blossoming of abstract sculpture in England now, they are quite unlike Calder; if anything they derive from the world of Klee: mute, unaggressive forms, exquisitely constructed in light woods—first cousins to children's toys.

Noteworthy pictures at *Reid and Lefevre's* exhibition of contemporary British paintings are: Duncan Grant (18), Hitchens (20), Peter Lanyon (29: excellent; a newcomer to London), John Berger (6), MacBryde (36—an early one), Ben Nicholson (41), Matthew Smith (55), John Minton (38), Keith Vaughan (65, 67 and 68) and a very lovely Christopher Wood still life (70). But it is Vaughan's *Interior with Nude Figures* (65) that chiefly excites me. Indeed this was for me the most important new work to be found in any of the galleries at the present time (perhaps the one at *Gimpel Fils* is its equal). Vaughan is making huge strides: these latest pictures show a conquest of colour and luminosity, the previous lack of which had been his chief defect. Matisse has been invoked whether Mr. Vaughan knows it or not. The result, however, is that Keith Vaughan is now the best of the "Lefevre Group" of younger painters.

The final items on my list are "Modern German Painters" at the *St. Georges Gallery*, of whom Emil Nölde and Cesar Klein are the best, and an exhibition at St. Ives, Cornwall. The St. Ives Society of Artists (President: Sir A. Munnings, R.A.), having proved themselves unenthusiastic hosts to such exhibitors as Ben Nicholson, Barbara Hepworth, Bryan Wynter, Sven Berlin, Peter Lanyon, John Wells, W. Barns-Graham, David Haughton or Kit Barker, they have now been deserted by all their livelier members. A new club has been formed called *The Penwith Society of Arts in Cornwall.* Under the presidency of Herbert Read this new Society is holding its first exhibition at the Public Hall, Fore St., St. Ives. In addition to paintings or sculptures by the artists just named the Society is exhibiting the pottery, woodwork and ironwork of local artist-craftsmen of whom the most famous is Bernard Leach.

PATRICK HERON

RADIO NOTES

A PROSPECTUS which contains the offer of "scathingly satirical vignettes of contemporary fashions of thought" is quite enough to set one listening with attention. The offer was made by Mr. Terence Tiller in a foreword to Mr. C. S. Lewis's allegory, *The Pilgrim's Regress,* to which the Third Programme accorded two hours last Sunday. *The Pilgrim's Regress* is described as an "allegorical apology for Christianity, Reason, and Romanticism," and that description seems fair enough, as far as it goes. It doesn't go very far. One may be a "leading authority on the allegorical method of writing," but what still matters is the *method of writing;* words, words, words. *The Pilgrim's Progress* was forged on the anvil of imagination, and lives because of that. Mr. Lewis's work, if one may judge by Terence Tiller's obviously devoted adaptation, partakes fully of that dreadful contemporary insipidity of language, which so few writers defeat or dodge.

One would welcome the "scathing vignettes," if they scathed. But to get that cutting edge requires a care and minuteness in observation, of which there were here no trace. It is easy enough to have a party of silly people called "The Clevers," who prate about modern art and exclaim "Too stark, my dear!"; and radio acting in this case made it easier, therefore worse. The effect is patronising and vulgar. Various sitting birds are brought down. Angular, Classical, Humanist, the three "pale young men"; even "19th-century rationalism," in the person of Mr. Enlightenment, as if that now worried anyone very much. It would be something if Mr. Lewis had grappled to personify 20th-century rationalism, which shuts a far more dangerous door on religion and metaphysics. Perhaps, if he had attempted that, his language would have been obliged to make itself equal to such a task. Then, as listeners, we would have shared a living excitement. As it is, where not bored by the triviality of his satire, one was depressed by the humdrum of his seriousness. "And with that he took *a header* into the pool, and they saw him no more." That is how Mr. Lewis describes death; perhaps it is old-fashioned to dislike the intrusion of games-master's slang. I also disliked, in Mr. Douglas Cleverdon's production, some dribbles of harp and soprano which represented "Sweet Desire." His production was otherwise good (a bit hard on the ear in some places), with noticeable performances by Marius Goring, Norman Shelley, and Charles Stidwill.

I had better briefly expose myself to rebuke here by admitting that, as an apology for Christianity, I found Gerard Tyrell's play *Celestial Fire* very much more effective. Granted that it was academic and rather priggish, with some off-the-peg and some very unlikely characters, also a good many emotional platitudes; nevertheless it was neither patronising nor pretentious, in fact it was quite simple. The situation, that of a man whom circumstances have made too big for his boots, and whose consequent jettisoning of earlier standards endangers both himself and others, is a real one. "The microphone," its actors told us recently, "is the test of sincerity"; certainly one cannot help being impressed by the confidence and conviction with which radio acting handles material of this type. It is the pretentious which upsets its sureness of touch, inducing facetious or sententious emphasis. Here all the acting was excellent. Perhaps Mabel Terry Lewis, in the part of an A.T.S. Controller, made the strongest impression. Ayton Whitaker's production was also quite first-rate.

Minor pleasures still leave a sweet taste. I shouldn't think Mr. Betjeman will have been good for the tourist trade of *The Isle of Man,* because anyone who listened to him will feel that he knows it already. But we must be grateful to whoever in the B.B.C. thought of inviting him to go. The result was a marvellous talk, a twenty-minute poem on the air, delivered with most

attractive, most cunning, variations of pitch and pace. Enriched by this, the Third Programme of the same evening had yet a final treat, the reading of *Horatius* by James McKechnie. Mr. McKechnie is a splendid reader of poetry, especially of the vigorous, blood-thrilling poetry which sinks behind the horizon as one grows older. He made every syllable march. MARK OGILVIE

THE MOVIES

"Obsession" and "Proud Canvas," at The New Gallery and Tivoli
"Magic Town," at The Odeon

The perfect crime has been so often committed (in theory), that we have grown tired of its imperfections. Let us at once make a distinction between an easy but undiscoverable crime and the perfect one, which must triumph by some excess of skill, courage, malignity, or logic. Any ass can jump out from behind a pillar and fatally shock the weak-hearted aunt who promises thousands; it takes a little more to capsize widows in rowing-boats or unsuspectedly cut bleeders, and something like genius for a Leader of the Opposition (the reference has no topicality) to carry off the murder of a Prime Minister, and vice versa. But as though none of this had ever occurred to anyone, again and again on the screen the character turns up, offering him or herself for our admiration as the perpetrator of the perfect crime.

Mr. Robert Newton's boast in *Obsession* can be dismissed as fantastic. He is, apparently, a Devonshire Place or Harley St. psychiatrist with a flirtatious wife (Sally Gray) and a garage giving happily on to a large ruined area containing a cellar kitchen and two bathrooms. Into this heaven-sent suite he pops his wife's latest lover; whom he doesn't kill but chains and feeds with Martinis and sandwiches while he prepares an acid bath next door. Every day for months he takes along the snack and a hot-water-bottle measure of acid, thus being able to gloat over his victim and put off the burden of murder, until he thinks the disappearance has blown over. But then Superintendent Naunton Wayne starts dropping in, with a surprising casualness and diffidence, which would never presume so far as to tail Mr. Newton when he leaves his consulting room. The perfect crime implies here a very imperfect Scotland Yard as well as hazards of topography that would startle any Londoner. Mr. Wayne however suspects more than he shows, Mr. Newton (who also goes in for toy trains on a largish scale) is found out, the victim (Mr. Phil Brown) though poisoned recovers, and the desirable Miss Gray takes a trip to Mexico as a sort of decent interval following her husband's arrest. It all ends happily and misses perfection by about a mile.

But the film isn't nearly as preposterous as it sounds. It is, to begin with and given the over-strained circumstance, unusually well directed by Edward Dmytryk; both Newton and Wayne get their best parts for years and make the most of them; and in general the characters, if not the events, succeed in convincing us. The scenes in the convenient cellar, for example, with the bath round the corner and an interchange of Christian names, are brilliantly contrived. *Obsession*, by the way, despite its coincidence with the Haigh case—"Haigh to Hang," announced the placards as I went in—is artfully devoid of the horrific squalor its theme might suggest.

In the same programme *Proud Canvas* gives a documentary account of a windjammer's voyage from Finland to Cape Town. The ship itself is a beauty, and with its personable crew and passengers it encounters sharks, albatrosses, tropical calms and battering Atlantic gales. Every moment of this has been admirably photographed; less admirable at times is the commentary, which seeks to beautify where it should narrate.

Magic Town, directed by William A. Wellman, has provoked everywhere damp murmurs of "Capra!" and as one who has never appreciated Capra I find the insult well merited. This mixture of well-starred sentimentality and politics (or patriotics) seems to me quite unexportable. Its first half-hour entertains, when a public poll expert (James Stewart) finds the small town to provide him with an unerring sample of national opinion, but after that we have to slop through basket ball, tearful sing-songs, flowered hill-tops, a love affair of antagonists (Stewart and the better-deserving Jane Wyman), and a good deal of jubilation about the wonderfulness of people. Here, in fact, for anyone who can stomach it, is everything sacred.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Stars of the Ballet," at Princes

The first week of *Stars of the Ballet* leaves one with the same feeling of frustration as the *Etoiles de la Danse* last year, for exactly the same reasons. A star of the ballet needs adequate material just as much as a star of the stage or screen; and not even the greatest star can be effective when crippled by choreography in the Lifar manner. (Most of the items shown at the Princes are either arranged by Lifar or in a style strongly influenced by him; even *La Mort du Cygne*—originally composed by Fokine for Pavlova—and the extracts from *The Sleeping Beauty* and *Sylvia* have been "modernised" by Lifar to such an extent that little of the original remains.) It is a measure of the talents of Chauviré and Skouratoff that they hold our attention in spite of their material. The moment Chauviré steps on the stage she makes one believe in the divine right of kings. Here is the grand manner in all its simplicity, nobility and lyricism, inherited by Chauviré in direct succession from Spessivsteva. Chauviré's hands are often too frilly, and she fails to establish her positions at the exact point in the music where they would make their full effect: otherwise she is that rare thing, the perfect classical ballerina. Skouratoff was disappointing during his last London appearances with the Ballets de Paris, but now he is dancing better than ever. He combines an extraordinary dynamic virility with a dazzling technique that enables him to soar in the air and spin in pirouettes without the slightest fuss or strain. When he learns to dance with his hands and face as he does with his legs and body he will be in a class by himself among male dancers. One cannot expect a whole group of dancers of this quality, but there is no need for the standard to be as violently uneven as it is.

"The Schoolmistress," at the Arts

Up to the last twenty minutes Pinero's farce is a dazzling invention. Starting quietly in the drawing room of a Kensington school mistress, it builds up to a climax where the fire brigade run up their hoses in among a party which somehow includes an admiral, a runaway couple, a naval cadet and a prima donna from a comic opera; and every detail is so planned and foreshadowed that it couldn't, you see at once, have led anywhere else. Masterly construction, a free fantasy and style in the writing are the ingredients: it only lacks a touch or two of bawdry and a swifter dénouement to make a perfect farce. The Arts company under Mr. John Fernald's direction take it seriously, as farce should be taken. Outstanding in an efficient cast are Mr. Philip Stainton's gruff, terrifying admiral and Mr. Nigel Patrick's "masher."

"Miss Julie," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

Plays of the order of this Strindberg tragedy demand from those who would render them for us a high degree of seriousness and devotion. Seriousness and devotion the Peter Cotes company can be relied upon to provide. But other qualities are missing which leave us to record, sadly, that this performance is not a success. Mr. Peter Cotes himself produces and must shoulder much of the blame. He seems to have missed or to have suppressed most of the opportunities for varying the pace, the movement, and the intensity. He has drawn the line altogether too taut, and his players move along it at altogether too consistent a speed. Miss Joan Miller at her first entry looked as if she was going to be just right—that moon-pale whiteness of face and those staring eyes. But she turned out altogether too heavy, too mature perhaps for the part. Intensity there is plenty of, but it was too fixed, too *voulu*: rather as if she had pondered deeply on how this great role should be played and was determined to play it as a great role. Yet she misses altogether the light volatile shifting vagaries of the creature, caught like a moth in her own compulsions, but struggling to the last to get free. Mr. Duncan Lamont, as the valet, made a considerable success. Notably he produced just the right distinctive difference in his intonation and his vowel sounds to catch the accent appropriate to a servant, without that mixture of dropped aitches, stage cockney and fake regionalism which is the customary theatre convention for working-class speech. West End please copy.

Correspondence

ATOMIC POLICY AND WAR

SIR,—Whatever the merits of free information between former allies, the Anglo-American discussions on atomic energy have a number of unwelcome implications. In the present state of American public opinion, there may well be a real risk that the price of "know-how" will include a most unwelcome interference with the personnel and liberties of non-military physicists who might obtain access to "classified" information. There have been rumours of something similar in Australia. Even if American secret information were likely to benefit non-military research, it might be a doubtful benefit when weighed against the possible demands of the American Secret Service.

Far more important is the frank admission that in the event of war a deliberate massacre of European civilians would be undertaken, apparently with the consent of the British Government, and from bases in this country. In view of the fact that "war crime" trials have not yet ended, we ought surely to give rather more consideration to the implications of what is now proposed. There are certain policies which impose an obligation not only of disapproval but of active resistance, and this is one of them. That the logic of war would extend this indiscriminate destruction from the cities of Russia to those of her allies and from there to friendly capitals which might be occupied, the policies of the last war leave us very little reason to doubt. Massacre as a threat, divorced from any serious policy or object, is an imagining of psychopaths. It requires no sympathy for the Communists to recognise the shape of something as monstrous as the German extermination of Jews and inferior races. I have no personal or ideological animosity against America, and I do not suspect her of a deliberate will to aggressive war, however great the risks of an accidental explosion, but I feel that there are limits to the policies for which this country should provide military facilities. This is something for which, if it happens, we shall be solidly and inescapably responsible. We shall not have the excuse of the British and American publics after Hiroshima, that the thing was prepared in secret and sprung on us. ALEX COMFORT

20 Honor Oak Road,
London, S.E.23.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM

SIR,—Mr. Crossman's article on the Public School system gives the impression that all or nearly all such schools are superior to those in the State system. Whilst I agree that the "top ten" or so have much to commend them I cannot accept this view.

Unfortunately the large majority of parents who send their children to such schools do so not merely because of their mistaken impression of this superiority but also because they are afraid to allow their own children to mix with those from working-class homes, because of the influence the latter might have on their own "quality breed" children. In fact, if these children are the "potential managers of men" their influence on those of the lower income groups should be considerably greater.

Having had experience of both systems I believe that the average State Grammar School is the equal of the average Public School. Indeed I think that,

due to the greater cross-section of the community to be found in such a school, the Grammar Schoolboy has a considerable advantage. Certainly he is not so stereotyped and mentally constipated as the typical Public Schoolboy.

As far as the staff are concerned, I find the standard of teaching infinitely higher and the methods used more varied in the State School. Not being in a boarding school, the masters have not sunk into their own rut to anything like the same extent. It is generally agreed that a schoolmaster, if he is to be a wise educator, must retain and strengthen his outside contacts. Unfortunately in a boarding school the demands made upon one's person are such that one has little time to think of other matters from the beginning of term to the end. The staff live therefore in their own little world, rapidly approaching a state of nervous exhaustion from which they require the long holidays to recover.

Some of the lesser so-called Public and private schools, of course, are institutions which could only be tolerated in a society in which State Education has not yet fully developed and which could only exist because of the reluctance of middle-class parents to allow their children to mingle with the common herd. The best preparatory schools, on the other hand, have many points in their favour—although whether it is educationally sound to start the average boy on Greek and Latin at the age of nine is another matter—but anyone who intends to teach knows that to teach in a prep. school is, like the butcher boy's, a blind alley occupation and scarcely more lucrative. Consequently it is practically impossible for the large majority of them to obtain a fully qualified staff.

It has been said that if Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, World War II was won in the Grammar Schools. Mr. Crossman's proposal to increase the free entry into the Public Schools to 40 per cent would complete the work already begun by the Butler Act of skimming the cream from the State Schools merely to strengthen the Public Schools, many of which have little of real value to offer, and I fail to see why the English Grammar School, which has, should be sacrificed in this way. Our policy should be to continue to improve our State Schools rather than weaken them in an attempt to bolster up a system which was better adapted to the conditions of the 19th century than the 20th, and by this improvement persuade even the most bigoted middle-class parents that their future children will not suffer an inferior education.

G. G. THOMAS

Broadstairs.

SIR,—I have just read the letter of the Hon. Secretary of the National Association of Labour Teachers. But do "Socialists consistently oppose that training of an *élite* at the Secondary School level"? If they do, they are hopelessly misguided. I admit that in a Utopian Society we could probably dispense with much Higher Education, but it is perhaps unfortunately necessary in a planned society to have a core of very well educated technicians and administrators. "Unselected comprehensive Secondary Schools" may possibly produce the latter, but not the former. Even to-day the Civil Service, Industry, Research Establishments and Educational Institutions are short of fully qualified personnel.

Surely it is almost a truism that the main fault of the Public Schools is their method of unselective entry. The right function of Public Schools should be a kind of junior university, to give the best training to those of the highest ability as far as can be reasonably ascertained. At present, the Public Schools merely give character training that parents are unable to supply, to their "goats"; and provide unfair advantages for their sheep, in the form of best possible tuition enabling them to compete unfairly against a not so well equipped "*élite*" from the Grammar Schools.

Lastly, if the Labour Party passes "resolution after resolution in favour of the unselective comprehensive Secondary School for all," it is at once committing electional suicide and class murder, for the policy will result in a further widening of the gap in educational opportunity of the bright boys whose fathers are respectively a lavatory attendant, and a peer or brewer (or both).

A. R. CURTIS

VATICAN AND KREMLIN

SIR,—The analogy you draw between the contemporary Vatican and Communist conflict and the schism of Henry VIII blurs two points.

One is the role in the affair played by the subscriptions of the faithful in the United States.

You yourself, I think, were among those who warned that the weight of influence in the Roman Catholic Church hierarchy was bound to move across the Atlantic. Here indeed is an instance.

Native Catholics have everything to gain by concordats such as are clearly possible with each of the East European States. Native non-Catholic churches are for the most part working on excellent terms with their governments. And study of the terms proposed to the Catholic Bishops in, e.g., Czechoslovakia shows an offer of privileges far more generous to the church and its apparatus than those accorded by the State in either Britain or U.S.A.

Agreement could injure only the State Department, for it would mellow the temperature of the cold war, dependent upon fostering the illusion that all agreements are impossible. Hence the Vatican obsequiously disregards the interests of its own laymen, priestly rank-and-file, and faith.

Second, the reason why the ancient anathema was directed equally against Communism, Socialism and Liberalism, while to-day's is only against the first-named. "Liberal" has become, in Belgium and many other countries, a mere pseudonym for the party of reaction. "Socialists" find it in their hearts to denounce strikes, maintain Empires, deny self-determination, war against Viet-Nam, milch the community to endow the shareholders of bankrupt industries (now content for nationalisation), defend capitalism and seek to solve capitalist crises by worsening the conditions of the working-class. Only Communism still stands for those Humanistic and Progressive principles that the high priests anathematised before and remain changeless in detesting.

The Vatican has not grown more tolerant. Two of the three earlier accused have since generally deserted their principles, that is all. Individual Liberals or Socialists loyal to their ancient standards will soon find that non-Communism is no greater protection against ex-communication than it was to Zilli against Transport House.

IVOR MONTAGU

BLOOD SPORTS

SIR,—Mr. Clive Bell's discussion of blood sports touches lightly, and apparently with a sweet reasonableness, upon many interesting aspects of the question. But his argument rests largely upon two assumptions which to many humanitarians seem quite mistaken. (Incidentally, why boggle at the word "humanitarian"?) Mr. Bell must have insulated himself carefully from contact with "beast-lovers," if he really believes that they, as a class—we know there are exceptions—"care more for brutes than for human beings." This is a sneer too glibly levelled against the many thoughtful and kindly people who desire humane treatment for "brutes" and human beings alike.

The first of these assumptions is that "approved philosophy" maintains that "human states of mind alone are valuable as ends." Questions of value are not, of course, determinable by logic, and in this case I can only reply that I disagree, and that by many thinking people this "philosophy" is not "approved." To us it seems a survivial of the anthropocentric arrogance for which there was perhaps some excuse when man knew nothing of his evolutionary relationship with other animals. When a man ill-treats a child, a dog, or a fox, we object not only to the bad state of mind in that man, but to the injustice inflicted on his victim. It would be a very "blinkered" humanitarianism that could feel pity only for the human tormentor of an animal, and none for the animal itself, on the ground that "human states of mind alone are valuable as ends."

The second assumption that I would challenge in Mr. Bell's essay, and one often made by apologists for hunting and shooting, is that, if the happiness or unhappiness of the animals *is* to be considered, then the sportsman has earned their gratitude because but for him, "the majority of foxes and game-birds alive at this moment in the British Isles would not have been born." But does anyone seriously suppose that the fox population of this country would be more unhappy if the hundreds of "preserved" foxes that are annually hunted to death (or shot or trapped or poisoned by those who suffer from their depredations) had never been born?

Most reasonable people will agree with Mr. Bell that the average sportsman does not enjoy giving pain. Unfortunately he does not dislike it sufficiently to refrain from sports which inevitably involve it.

ARNOLD MONK-JONES,
Chairman
National Society for the Abolition of Cruel Sports.

SIR,—Mr. Clive Bell rests his defence of blood sports upon the dogmatic fallacy that his favourite system of ethics is unquestionably and exclusively true. But there are ethical codes which hold that the consequences of an action may be good or bad in themselves. Philosophy does not exclude compassion: to condemn the unnecessary infliction of pain may be contrary to Mr. Bell's philosophy; it is not, on that account, unphilosophical.

The assumption that "beast lovers" (i.e. those who are moved by the suffering of animals) necessarily care more for brutes than for human beings is a deduction hardly remarkable for the rational element which Mr. Bell is so anxious to bring to this controversy.

Mr. Bell then goes on to tell us that we do not really know that animals suffer, since "arguments from analogy are to be received with caution." One wonders if he has ever seen a hare with its leg shot away crawling to die under a hedge; though doubtless he can contemplate such a sight with complete equanimity in the assurance that the animal's feelings (if any) are of no philosophical importance.

The whole question of avoidable and unavoidable killing has been fully and admirably dealt with by Dr. Albert Schweitzer, whose philosophy of "reverence for life" shirks no difficulty and holds the complete answer to tendentious arguments about lice and fleas.

Finally Mr. Bell is prepared to admit that he is not in a good state of mind when engaged in killing, but justifies himself on the ground that he is prepared to let the crooner go on crooning; an interpretation of the "good state of mind" philosophy which might be described as irresponsible self-satisfaction.

All these arguments are symptomatic of one with a repressed uneasy conscience desperately trying to rationalise an unethical pleasure. Only in this sense can Mr. Bell be said to have achieved any rational defence of his amusements.

JOAN RHODES

Ley Hill, Chesham.

PORT EMPLOYERS AND THE CABINET

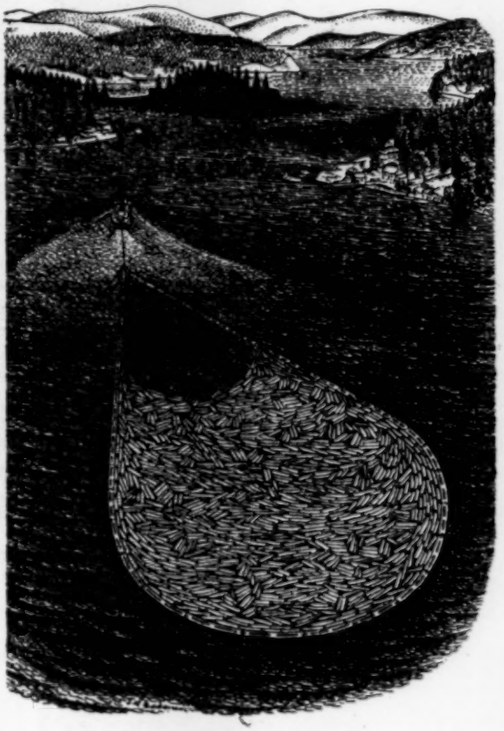
SIR,—On the front page of your issue of July 23 you wrote: "It may be that the port employers jumped at what seemed like an opportunity of getting back to casual labour conditions in the docks, and that Mr. Bevin, the architect of the dock scheme, saw through this manœuvre." As a port employer I should very much like to know on what grounds you thought it right to make this comment.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is given to waxing righteous when political smear is allegedly applied by others to the actions of Socialists, but is not apparently above using similar tactics. I have been unable to discover the least justification for your insinuation against the port employers. However disappointed they may be at the behaviour of the dockers, all of whose reasonable demands have now been met, they have always approved the dock labour scheme as a means of avoiding casual labour conditions in the docks, as any thinking person must do.

Universal House, S.E.1. EDWARD POLLITZER

[We made no "insinuation." Some of the employers in the Port of London are by no means converted to the practicability of the Bevin dock labour scheme and sincerely believe that decasualisation has given the men a security which is incompatible with industrial discipline.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Journey into paper



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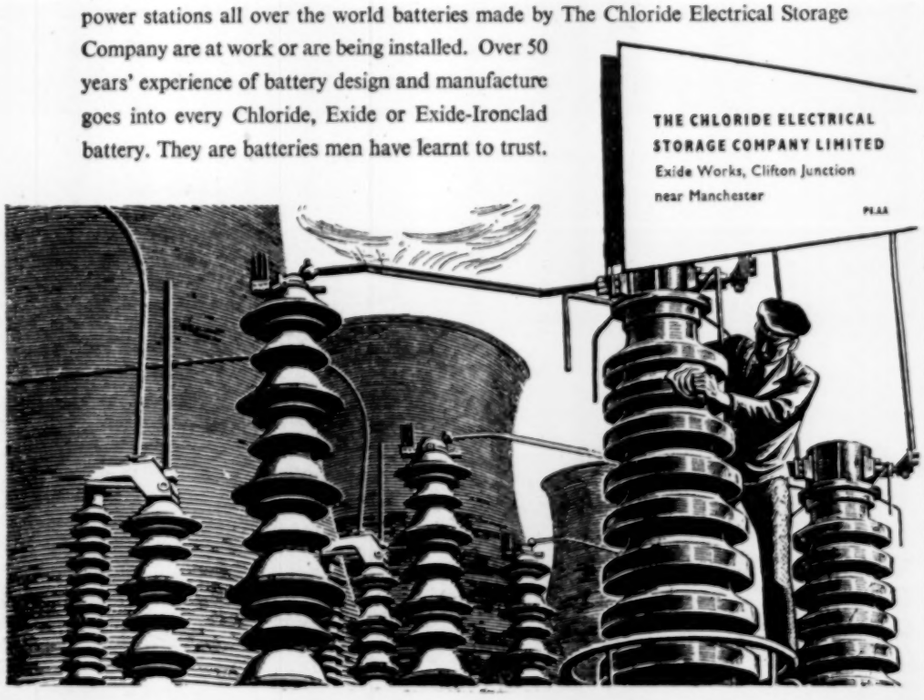

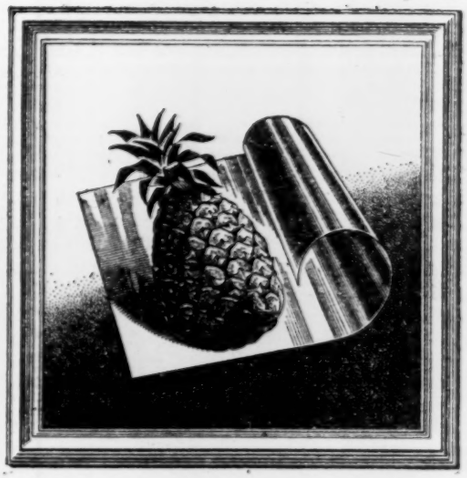

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

AN American autobiography describing a personal religious conversion is having the success of the Kinsey Report, this year's novel about homosexual love and a war book on the obscene language used by G.I.s in Polynesia. The publishers "do not hesitate" to compare *Elected Silence** with the *Confessions* of St. Augustine and *The Education of Henry Adams*; and Mr. Evelyn Waugh believes the work to be among "the classic records of spiritual experience." He goes on to whack a drum outside the tent:

> In the natural order the modern world is rapidly being made uninhabitable by the scientists and politicians. We are back in the age of Gregory, Augustine and Boniface, and in compensation the Devil is being disarmed of many of his former enchantments. Power is all he can offer us now; the temptations of wealth and elegance no longer assail us. As in the Dark Ages the cloister offers the sanest and most civilised way of life.

Elected Silence is an earnest, engaging, sincere, pleasantly written though often very naive book by a baffled young man from the Grouper class; and the gross exaggeration of its importance is a serious example of the vulgar, levelling effect of propaganda upon spiritual matters.

Thomas Merton is a young poet, the child of mixed New Zealand and American parentage. His father was a painter who appears to have unobtrusively professed the religion of art, his mother an exacting and worried perfectionist whose occasional religious observances took her to Quaker meetings. After the early death of his mother the boy was brought up rootlessly in art colonies, in Bermuda, fitfully educated in France, England and America, and, after the death of his father and his guardians, was left with intellectual forces too disorganised and emotions too loosely anchored, for a sane adjustment to the world. In any case, the world was becoming insane. He was fluttered by growing panic. One detects a pathetic loneliness which he vainly attempted to end by drink and gregarious noise—noise plays a curious part in his life—and, after turning from the simple fear and hatred of Roman Catholicism in which he had been brought up, to a desperate and fascinated attachment to it, he became a priest and entered a Trappist monastery.

The change from the stale and noisy rooms of Greenwich Village to Trappism is extreme; religious conversion, any conversion of an extreme kind, is deeply interesting and mysterious. Mysterious because of the sudden intrusion of violence in the mind; also because the subject, writing after the event, is rarely able to recollect in any satisfying detail what really occurred or to make it credible. We rub our eyes. How is it that some of us can live in "filth" and "beastliness"—to use the words applied by St. Augustine himself to his former life in the world—and are not, for all our love of virtue, propelled into conversion? Indeed, by our very love of virtue, may find conversion not only repugnant, sickly but even evil in itself? For myself, I read Mr. Merton's book for evidence of this speciality of character; and, since he has humility as a writer—though this fades as his conversion comes nearer—and some degree of clarity, one can pick up a few clues.

There are not enough, however. Writing after the event and briskly assuaged by the life of the cloister—for he is not a man of surprising gifts—Mr. Merton too easily sees himself as that familiar figure of modern tendentious fiction and the party ideologists: the man "ruined" by modern civilisation, "wrecked" by things like psycho-analysis, James Joyce, "bourgeois culture," by signing the Peace Pledge, joining the C.P. and even—this *is* rather nice—by what he calls the "artiness" of T. S. Eliot. He is unaware of Catholic studies in psycho-analysis which have for some revived the embers of religion; and his brief jokes about the introvert and the extravert, show him to be hardly acquainted with the subject. The fact is that although early travel gave Mr. Merton a proficiency in languages, and a nodding acquaintance with European culture, in other respects he was a literary smatterer. When he denounces Cambridge, it is—he admits—because he spent his brief time there with the rowdies; he was intimidated because the dons had "a personal style," and was far more impressed by Columbia where you get a bit of everything without ceremony and are afterwards puzzled by your confusion. Of these youthful defects in his intellect Mr. Merton is now indulgently aware; it even less becomes him to deride what he could not or would not understand. For, although this blanket denunciation is done with a charm unusual in the newly-converted, its general effect is to lower standards and to justify the ignorant and incurious. It is exactly the kind of thing to be heard at Grouper meetings and in the halls of the religions of commercial success.

Europe corrupted me, Mr. Merton says in one of those puzzled American outbursts which we have heard so often since the time of Henry James. Europe did not do anything of the sort: it ensured his conversion. His boyhood in France and especially his life in a French farming family where he was left for a time by his widower father, clearly formed his inclination to the formal, Latin authority. The trouble was that the unguarded youth was thrown unprotected among the contradictions of experience. His father was one of those Francophiles, whose intense love of the landscape, the architecture, the speech and timelessness of an old civilisation was purely aesthetic, and this precluded him from any knowledge of what French life was really like. The boy found out: he was an expatriate who was swept into the coarseness of a provincial Lycée without the resources and roots of the French boys. After that, an English Public School was dull, bewildering and, at last, enraging in its reticences. He has the common delusion that reticence conceals either vacancy or hypocrisy.

There is an amusing portrait of the School Chaplain, "a rowing 'blue,' a tall, powerful handsome man with hair greying at the temples, and a big English chin and a broad uncreased brow."

> There he stood, in the plain pulpit, and raised his chin above the heads of all the rows of boys in black coats and said: "One might go through this chapter of St. Paul (First Corinthians, 13) and simply substitute the word 'gentleman' for 'charity' wherever it occurs. 'If I talk with the tongues of men and of angels, and be not a gentleman, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal . . . A gentleman is patient; is kind; a gentleman envieth not, dealeth not perversely; is not puffed up . . . A gentleman never faileth long. . .'"
>
> As time went I was to get into fierce arguments with the football captain on this subject . .

At that age travel does not broaden the mind, but grubs it up by the roots.

Very engagingly, Mr. Merton writes all this; and he often makes a shrewd point. It was the famous anti-clerical sermon on hell in Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist*, which first impressed him with the nobility of the Catholic tradition, where he had no tradition at all. When we look for the psychological causes of his conversion, one or two things are clear. He was to see the death of all those close to him by his middle twenties. The death of his mother was seriously wounding in itself, but also in the manner the news of it was conveyed to him. She died of cancer in hospital and rather than let her child have the shock of seeing her dying there, in her cool rational way she wrote him a letter announcing her own death. The modern evasion of the thought of death, the failure to supply death with a general or ritualistic context, so that the body goes to the incinerator without anything beyond a shocked and silent farewell, is something which has preyed on the writer's mind throughout his life. One suspects that there is an abnormal resentment directed against his mother, not only for dying, but for defrauding him of an emotion. He is vague about his later "sins"—one recalls the precision of St. Augustine, Saint Ignatius and St. Francis in the true ages of religious genius—but it seems that in his love affairs, he punished women.

Stronger emotions were fixed upon a younger brother to whom he felt the common guilt, and he had deep feeling for his father. This charming man professed his art religiously, as many artists have; but the weakness of this religion is that it is not easily transmitted. Left to make up his own mind, the boy felt isolated and did not make it up at all. Once more, the barren death scene was enacted. But when the boy was in Rome, he found suddenly in the pictures in the churches an overwhelming emotional force that was associated with his feeling for his dead father. Later, there was a kind of waking vision, that his father had returned to him; and it was shortly after this vision that Mr. Merton first had the curiosity to visit a Trappist monastery in Italy. The fervour passed, but the dream of indifference had been broken.

Violence and illness are common ingredients of sudden conversion. Toothache played a part in his crises. As for the violence, the evidence is not clear. We exaggerate and generalise our sinfulness in order to give ourselves an importance which we have failed to obtain in other ways. In Mr. Merton's life, the hatred of war may be a negative indication: his actual conversion took place in the panic of Munich and it was quickly followed by a desire to enter the priesthood. He vacillated, but the fear of being drafted (and no doubt the fear of anonymous death in war) seems to have pushed on the decision. That is one side of his story; the other, which appears to have been strong, is the element of sheer rowdiness. He shared, with bewilderment, what is said to be an American disease: the inability to keep still or be quiet. Even when his theological studies were advancing and he was considering becoming a Franciscan, because the rules of that order seemed to him the easiest of observance, he wrecked the peace of a Pennsylvanian night by beating a Cuban drum with his friends, stirred up violent trouble at a local Carnival, hung about in the din of night clubs, and was seen hurling a tin of fruit at a lamp post. The sacred duty to be tough and make a noise had to be done. At Munich there was a hint of monomania in his feeling that if only he had joined the Church, the war *might* have been averted. His final entry into the Trappist order is very movingly described in a narrative which is always readable when concrete experience is concerned, if it is wearying, naive and exasperating

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in its pieties, which are sedulous literary echoes of the great mystical writers.

When his spiritual struggles have slackened, the convert awakens to the humours, the ironies, and realities of his situation. Mr. Merton gave up the world and expected a life of ecstasy and contemplation, such as he had read of in the poems and prose of the Spanish mystics; but a modern American monastery, pressed outside by a growing stream of fresh postulants, founding as it were, subsidiaries, and conducting its propaganda in a country where the immigrations have made the Catholic faith a powerful political and social body, resembles a growing industry. Mr. Merton, who had written a book, interviewed the Reverend Father at his desk piled with papers and equipped with the latest office gadgets, and discovered that he was to be the writer of the monastery, turning out reviews, articles, short biographies, pamphlets and, of course, this autobiography. He finds himself (a Protestant must be excused for observing) in exactly the position of the Soviet writers. The modern monasteries are described as spiritual power stations. Only within the new collectives, their apologists tell us, is to be found the sane and civilised life; power (or do I misread Mr. Evelyn Waugh?) is the only temptation left.

V. S. PRITCHETT

ANTI-MARX

Pax Britannica. F. A. VOIGT. *Constable.* 25s.
Army in Exile. LT.-GENERAL ANDERS. *Macmillan.* 21s.

What principles should guide the foreign policy of a civilised nation, confronted with the threat of communist expansion? *Pax Britannica* is an important book because it grapples seriously with this problem. It is written not to please or to persuade, but to expound the thesis that, since a stable understanding between East and West is impossible, a preventive war under certain circumstances is morally justifiable. Instead of merely demonstrating this in terms of abstract argument, as Bertrand Russell has done, Mr. Voigt bases his conclusions on a detailed analysis of British policy towards Germany, Poland, Greece and Yugoslavia.

His treatment of the German problem is the best yet published in English. Mr. Voigt ruthlessly exposes the fallacies of "re-education," and shows that there is no reason to believe that democracy is a political form which suits Germany. Certainly, so long as Breslau is called Wroclaw, no German democracy can be non-aggressive, even if it were successfully integrated into Western or Atlantic Union. The only lasting solution is a united Europe, in which the energies of a united Germany are curbed by the Slav democracies in the East, as well as by the states of Western Europe. *Pax Britannica* convincingly argues that the independence of the small peoples of Eastern Europe is essential to the balance of Europe as a whole, and that, it must be our aim not to destroy Communism but to push Russia back to her 1939 frontiers. If we fail to do so, the Kremlin will sooner or later exploit German nationalism to gain domination of Western Europe.

Mr. Voigt then turns to a detailed analysis of British policy in Greece, Yugoslavia and Poland, and develops the thesis that, by betraying the forces represented by Mihailovich and Anders, we betrayed Europe, whereas in Greece, where we backed the monarchy, we saved democracy. He is very much aware that these chapters of *Pax Britannica* will shock progressive people, and he is determined to shock them as much as possible. His present view of Socialism is succinctly summed up in the sentence: "Communists are Socialists who take Socialism seriously," and his contempt for the Liberalism, which he himself once so ardently represented in the *Manchester Guardian*, is equally violent. Like Professor Toynbee, another disillusioned Liberal, he is now sceptical of all social progress.

> Mankind's noblest visions—of a Golden Age, of the City of God, of Utopia—are all visions of what can never be in this world . . . They are the only man-created constants. They cannot *come* true, because they *are* true. The endeavour to make them come true will always lead to falsehood and oppression.

The philosophy implied in this passage—a cross between Barthianism and the views of T.S. Eliot—is, in a profound sense, reactionary. It not only repudiates the false idea of automatic progress, but throws suspicion on any urge to improve the material lot of our fellow men. Mr. Voigt holds that our Christian job is to cling to our ancestral virtues—symbolised, for instance, in the monarchy—as constants in a world threatened by change. It is upon this basis that he describes Mihailovich as "the noblest figure of the second world war," praises the forces round the Italian monarchy as the only ones which "could seriously challenge the Fascist dispensation," and assesses the present Greek regime as a true representative of Western freedom. These are not nonsensical judgments: they are expressions of a consistent philosphy, which Burke, if he lived today, would probably share.

Moreover, there is a real value, even for the progressive whom Mr. Voigt despises, in seeing contemporary history through his spectacles. There are many parts of Europe where Anglo-Saxon ideas of Social Democracy are irrelevant: the alternatives posed are reaction or some form of totalitarianism. The tragedy of Poland, Yugoslavia and Greece—and, indeed, of Germany—is that the third, democratic alternative does not exist for them; and, in seeking to achieve it, the Western Powers merely paved the way for Communist tyranny—and, incidentally, betrayed the men who had been their staunchest allies. In arguing this, and documenting his case very fully, Mr. Voigt has performed a valuable service. He has not written history, but his partisan apologia is a valuable corrective to equally partisan views which have masqueraded for too long as objective truth.

But does this mean that, in opposing Communism, Britain must adopt the political values of a Mihailovich or an Anders? Must we too oppose all change as dangerous, regard Socialism merely as a frivolous precursor of Communism, and accept preventive war as a justifiable method of liberating Eastern Europe? Mr. Voigt says "yes," not only because he is hypnotised by the might and cohesiveness of Communist dictatorship, but also because he has a personal detestation of progressive ideas and progressive people. This leads him to a fantastic theory (based partly on his own personal feuds before he resigned from the Political Warfare Executive in 1941) that our war-time "appeasement" of Russia was due to the nefarious influence, in our Political Warfare and Military Intelligence departments, of romantic ideologues and traitorous fellow-travellers.

In the case of Poland, this curious interpretation of history can be checked by reading *Army in Exile*. General Anders' story of the 2nd Polish Corps inevitably contains a great deal of political history, including verbatims of two conversations which Mr. Churchill must find very embarrassing reading today. It is written in a soldierly style and more than confirms Mr. Voigt's terrible account of the Warsaw rising, as well as his strictures on Britain's two-faced dealings with the Poles. No one has the right to accept the present settlement of the Polish problem, until he has read and digested the facts soberly stated by General Anders. Of course he is one-sided, but the side which he pleads was deliberately suppressed for many years, chiefly by those who are now leading the anti-Communist crusade. When the critical decisions were taken, the British people were kept in the dark. That Mr. Churchill knew all, and yet acted at he did, is what needs explaining.

General Anders, however, gives no countenance to the theory that the Left-wing intelligentsia corrupted the War Cabinet's policy towards Poland. As for Yugoslavia, Mr. Churchill's

advisers were Brigadier Maclean, a member of the Foreign Office and now a Tory M.P., Mr. Deakin, who is collaborating with Mr. Churchill in his war memoirs, and Mr. Randolph Churchill. None of them can be described as fellow-travellers, or even Socialist left-wingers ! The really striking fact, indeed, about our disastrous war-time diplomacy—and Mr. Voigt is right that it was disastrous—is that it stemmed from one man, to whose virtual dictatorship in foreign affairs the Labour Ministers too easily consented.

Mr. Churchill was fascinated by total war in all its manifestations, including political warfare. Like Mr. Roosevelt, he refused to look beyond victory to the problems of peace which would result from the adoption of such techniques as area bombing and the arming of anyone and everyone ready to fight the Hun. What we are suffering from today is the complete moral indifference displayed by the Anglo-American leadership in defeating Hitler, an indifference which included both the choice of diabolical means, and a readiness to disregard treaty obligations with lesser powers like Poland. In order to destroy a totalitarian State, we sank very near to its moral level, and then tried its leaders for crimes against humanity !

To some extent, Mr. Voigt sees this. In a remarkable passage, he describes the terrible effect of ideology on war-making, and pleads for a policy " based not on ideology but on principle." What he fails to realise is that Anti-Marx can be as corrupting a dogma as Marx, and the crusade against Communism may degenerate into a secular religion much more stupid, if much less ruthless and consistent, than Communism itself.

His own book provides plenty of evidence of this. Because Tito is a Communist, Mr. Voigt *knows* that he is anti-Yugoslav ; and he describes as " the leprosy of indifference which is eating at the heart of our Western civilisation " the assumption that Tito's Communist convictions " can be diluted or adulterated for the sake of a compromise with some other conviction." Observe how Anti-Marx can make a highly intelligent observer predict that, what happened a few weeks after he completed his book, was an impossibility which only a diseased mind could envisage. Tito's nationalism came into conflict with his Stalinism, and prevailed, thereby disposing of the central argument in *Pax Britannica*. On Mr. Voigt's own premiss, a preventive war could only be justifiable, if we knew that there was no other possibility of liberating Eastern Europe from Russian control. Titoism proves that other possibilities exist.

We are all blindfolded to the future in store for us. The only difference is that some of us admit the bandage in front of our eyes, while others claim to see through it. The curse of Stalinism and Nazism was their claim to know the future ; the strength of the West is its good-natured scepticism, on which science and democracy equally depend. The man who thinks that he knows the absolute truth, hates the unbeliever and seeks to destroy him. The sceptic is tolerant of evil as well as of good. It is a risk, but one that democracy is bound to take.

Mr. Voigt recognises the value of scepticism, but fails to apply it to his own dogmatic hatreds. Somewhere he defines ideology as " a conglomerate of sentiment and doctrine." " The self-elevation (of ideologues) " he writes " is progressive and from despising their fellow men, they come to hate and fear them." That is just what Anti-Marx has done to his own personality. A true *Pax Britannica* cannot be written with a poison-pen, or framed in the absolutes of religious polemics. It would be better based on a passage which Mr. Voigt quotes in his first chapter from Bismark :

> The best we can do in my opinion is to consider Russia a natural danger, against which we can maintain dikes, but which we cannot cause to disappear from the world. By attacking Russia, we but strengthen her cohesion ; only by awaiting her attack can we perhaps promote her internal ruin and decomposition.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A POETIC TRADITION

The White Pony. An Anthology of Chinese Poetry. Edited by ROBERT PAYNE. *Allen & Unwin.* 16*s.*

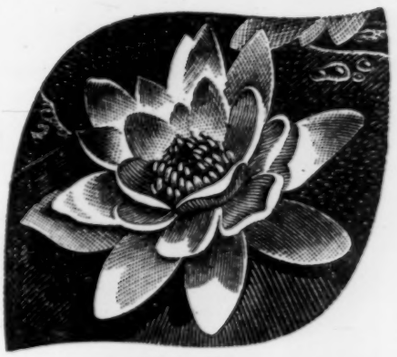
This book of Chinese poetry seems to be the most comprehensive of all so far published in European languages. It includes the earliest poems edited by Confucius and those written since the establishment of the Republic. People who would never have claimed to be poets are also represented with a stanza or two, to illustrate the fact that excursion into poetry is a common pastime for the Chinese, whether he is a general or a shopkeeper. It is therefore not surprising to see a lyric by Mao Tse-tung, the Chairman of the Chinese Communist Party, concluding the anthology. Incidentally, this last piece is quite pleasing and so very Chinese that one can scarcely believe the author advocates ardently, and fights vehemently, for the world revolution of the proletariat.

The Chinese poet writes spontaneously, and generally in response to his surroundings. In the *Book of Songs*, for instance, one would often find the first two lines of a poem dealing with nature, which provoked thought and stimulated an emotional surge in the poet and consequently gave rise to the ensuing lines stating the theme. Confucius, the arbiter of elegance and virtue, called this process *shing* or " becoming inspired."

After the poetic impulse has been stirred up, the next step for the poet is *ying*, or to chant. He may pace up and down in his room or in the garden or even on the summit of a mountain; he may be perched on something in the toilet; he may be staring at the moon, humming out the lines as melodiously and as naturally as his instinct dictates. Then he will sit down to put the rhymes and metres right without changing much of the contents. This accounts for the fact that Chinese poems are often so simple and flat on the surface, but honest, suggestive, appealing to the imagination and sympathy underneath.

This process of poetic creation has undergone very little change up to this day. Mao Tse-tung's little tailpiece to the collection can still serve as a suitable illustration: he was inspired to write the lyric while gazing at the snow falling on the Great Wall—probably when he was being pursued by Chiang Kai-shek's troops. Poetic forms, however, have never remained consistent. This is because poetry, created out of *ying* (chanting), has been closely associated with music and singing. During the middle of the Tang Dynasty (619-907 A.D.), for instance, when the prosperity of the Empire reached such heights that the aristocrats and their mistresses, the commoners and their concubines, could afford to drink to the accompaniment of songs without having to worry about the next day, poetry changed from the rigid *Ku Shih* into the evenly balanced, melodious, four-line or eight-line *Lu Shih*, and later on into the irregular, lighthearted *Tsu*. During the Yuan Dynasty (1280-1368) when the Mongolian conquerors introduced their instruments such as *Po* and *Hu Ching* into China, the *Tsu* was in turn transformed into *Chu* to suit the current music. These stages in evolution are of course imperceptible in the present translation, and it is perhaps unfair to expect anything of the sort in a different language.

But the poets chosen are not representative. The Yuan and the Ming (1369-1644) dynasties are for no particular reason entirely omitted, while the Ching Dynasty (1645-1911) is remembered only by three poems of a single poet, Nalan Hsinteh, who happened to be a Manchu, not Chinese. These three dynasties cover a period of nearly seven centuries, during which hundreds of poets were active and two new poetic forms, *Chu* and *Tsu*, became firmly established as the glorious achievement of the literary world. On the other hand Lao Tse takes up much space in the anthology as the author of *Tao Teh Ching*, which is a treatise on his brand of philosophy written without rhyme or metres, without *shing* or *ying*. Again, nearly one half of the poems included have



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already been competently translated by Arthur Waley. Perhaps the editor did not know this. Nevertheless it seems a pity to have so much repetition, especially in books brought out by the same publishers.

> It has seemed best to translate the poems as simply and literally as possible, and to avoid footnotes wherever possible. The Chinese has therefore been translated line by line—without rhyme, for to have succeeded in rhyme would have necessitated padding out the lines or so changing their forms that they would have become unrecognisable.

Perhaps this is the best principle to follow in tackling the original texts, which have so little in common either in language or in form with English verse. But precisely because of such dissimilarities one cannot avoid mistakes even with the collaboration of Chinese scholars and without the attempt at reproducing the original metres and rhyming scheme. Errors indeed abound in the translation; some of them are so obvious that the Chinese collaborators must be to blame. "Padding-out," too, occurs frequently between lines. In *A Song of Chang-Kan* by Li Po (page 165), for instance, the last line of the first stanza should simply be:

> We harboured no ill-feeling and distrust.

But the translation is:

> And we were innocent, without passion or desire.

In the same poem the second and the third lines of the fourth stanza run like this:

> The waves on Chu-tang gorge were crushed against Yen-yu rock.
> These rapids are not passage in rainy May—

while the original text reads:

> The Chu-tang gorge and Yen-yu rock
> You should not approach in May.

Perhaps it is necessary to enlarge the original lines in English in order to give a clearer picture to the Western reader. But over-elaboration and the anxiety to convey the native imagery and local colour sometimes lead to serious misunderstanding and produce just the opposite result.

CHUN-CHAN YEH

SPUDS

The History and Social Influence of the Potato. By REDCLIFFE N. SALAMAN. *Cambridge.* 50*s.*

The crisp nibbled at the cocktail party, the overpowering influence of fish and chips on the night air, the waiter hovering apologetically after the interesting choice has been made—*frittes, nouvelles* or *sautés*—the great grey piles of boiled or mashed in circulation at women's colleges: these, together with some notions about Sir Walter Raleigh and the Irish famine, marked the limits of my thoughts, my memories, of the potato.

Now I am changed. Wherever I have gone during the past week I have been unable to resist the temptation to introduce the name of potatoes—for the truth is that I am suffering from a bout of the vegetable love that Dr. Salaman has endured for the greater part of a long life. I warn all readers that they are likely to share this infatuation.

I can no longer think of the potato as a familiar food that can be delicious and is often nasty; I think of it as a mythological figure, an immense power for good and evil. A power that has brought millions of men into the world and that has killed millions; one that has been flattered by mutilation and human sacrifice. Perhaps the plant was infected with malignancy by its origin among those pre-Columbian South American peoples who developed some of the grimmest and most hideous of all the idealistic forms of human existence. It was potatoes, so prolific and hardy, and so nutritious if eaten in sufficient bulk, that made life on the Andean highlands a bitter possibility. While making it possible they also made it just bearable: they provided a ready source of alcohol.

Among the fine pre-Inca pottery of Peru are vessels modelled in the form of potatoes with human heads and limbs, the faces often showing marks of mutilation. Dr. Salaman believes that whereas we have recognised the growing-points on the tuber as "eyes," the ancient Peruvians saw them as mouths, and the buds within them as teeth. The rest followed by the magical formula of "likenesses." The success or failure of crops was determined by a potato god, and to influence him

> mere sacrifice was not enough; there was too much at stake; it was necessary to show the god exactly what was wanted in order to secure a good crop. The prime requisite . . . was seed tubers with big mouths and prominent teeth. Hence by the means of sacrificial mutilation, the cutting off of the end of the nose and the removal of the lips, the mouth was enlarged, the teeth made prominent, the god both strengthened and instructed, and the people eventually saved.

Although Russian geneticists have concluded that the potato reached Europe from Chile, Dr. Salaman puts forward what seem to be excellent historical arguments in favour of the North Coast at Cartagena. Whatever its point of departure, the plant was in Spain by 1573 and spread rapidly if erratically during the seventeenth century. While it remained rare and exotic it had a reputation as an aphrodisiac, and even as late as the eighteenth century a herbal claims for potatoes that "they Astringe, are moderately Diuretick, Stomatick, Chylisick, Analeptick and Spermatogenetick. They nourish the Body, restore in Consumptions, and provoke Lust." Yet as they became more common attempts were made in several countries to prevent their cultivation on the grounds that they caused leprosy—a European example, this, of the magic of likenesses, for the tubers were seen to resemble leprous conditions.

However, the potato satisfied a need, and as it was soon observed that not all those who ate it were either unduly incited to Venus or infected with leprosy, it quickly established itself as the valuable but harmless vegetable that we know. It was in Ireland that this Janus was given the opportunity to show its other face. Over the ghastly expanse of want left by the moral, social and material destruction of the Anglo-Irish wars, the potato spread with a sinister exuberance. It is horrible to contemplate how the abundance of this gross food, its fatal facility in production and preparation, brought human beings into existence as though for its own propagation. The population grew as men, women and children lived off the "lazy root," without domestic culture, and sharing their potato cauldron with the pig that was kept to pay the rent. Having made a nation of parasites, the potato god struck. The Blight of 1845-47 destroyed two entire crops and produced total famine. Visitors to the stricken country did not know which they found more terrible, the unburied dead, or the hordes of just-living beggars. The hatred caused by this experience, by the expulsions and other cruelties that were tolerated side by side with the well-meaning but ineffectual measures for relief, still contributes to Irish hostility and bitterness.

Long before the Irish famine, the more realistic social reformers had seen how easily the potato could be used as an instrument of oppression to push down the wages of the poor and lower their standard of living. Malthus argued against the acceptance of such a "potato standard" and Cobbett raged against it. Beer and wheat bread, with the modest standard they implied, had to be defended at all costs against the advance of this insidious tuber. In the nineteenth century the struggle brought about a situation in which some men of good will supported the policy of potato patch allotments for the labouring poor, while others, better informed, felt obliged to oppose them. They were viewing Janus from two sides.

Dr. Salaman tells all this and a vast amount more. As a past Director of the Cambridge Potato Research Station he is naturally at home with the scientific side of his subject, but this forms only a very small part of his book. He handles the historical narrative vigorously and well with plenty of leisure for digressions and trifling ornaments. There are accounts of

herbals, of the elegant stands made by Irish silversmiths to support the potato bowls of the rich, of the potato paintings of Van Gogh; there are nostalgic memories of the times when young ladies bought hot potatoes to carry in their muffs. This is an extraordinarily interesting book. It is, perhaps, a tribute to the double nature of its hero that I can now enjoy my *sautés* with a more cultivated enjoyment, yet have dreams of post-Atomic Yahoos squatting round the rusty shellcases that serve them as potato cauldrons.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

THE INNER LIGHT

Margaret Fell, Mother of Quakerism. By ISABEL ROSS. *Longmans.* 21s.

All great movements flow ultimately from some slender local spring. In the 1650s, when the Quakers began to spread over England, they were recognised by their enemies as a peculiar plague from the North. "Those that come from the North," declared an indignant south-country member of Parliament when the antics of the Quakers first disconcerted that assembly, "are the greatest pests of the nation," and the member for Cumberland admitted that they swarmed in his constituency: "They meet in multitudes and upon moors, *in terrorem populi*." The geographical part of these remarks at least was correct. The Quakers overflowed into the known world from the remote peninsula of Furness, cut off from England by hills and moors and the treacherous tidal sands of Morecambe Bay.

This was their breeding-ground; it was not their birthplace. George Fox himself came from Leicestershire, and already by the summer of 1652 he had begun that series of astonishing journeys which he was to continue for forty years, alternately convincing his judges and being sentenced to jail, or, more summarily, being beaten or half drowned, or thrown over walls and into pits by his enraged hearers, for preaching the doctrine of the Inner Light. He had already been in prison in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, and had made converts in Yorkshire, when he climbed to the top of Pendle Hill and thence, as he wrote, "I saw the sea bordering upon Lancashire and . . . there, on the top, I was moved to sound the day of the Lord, and the Lord let me see in what places he had a great people to be gathered." Passing, therefore, through the Yorkshire Dales, by Sedbergh, he came to Swarthmoor Hall, the seat of Judge Fell, lord of the manor of Ulverstone, on a remote fringe of land in Furness, between moor and sea.

Judge Fell was one of those Cromwellian landlords and administrators who withdrew from the puritan revolution when it was revolutionary but returned to it when it was merely puritan. Such men, in general, were the persecutors of the Quakers, and Fox had no reason to expect any more kindly reception from him than from his neighbour, John Sawrey, J.P., of Plumpton Hall. In fact the Judge was away in London at the time, but his children received Fox into the house, and there, having shocked the local puritan clergyman out of it, he awaited the return of the Judge's wife, Margaret Fell. At night she returned. Already she had had "a vision of a man in a white hat that should come and confound the priests"; now she met him. That evening, she wrote, Fox "opened us a book that we had never read in, nor indeed had never heard that it was our duty to read in—the Light of Christ in our consciences." A few days later Fox walked suddenly into the parish church before the sermon, and began to speak. "I stood up in my pew," wrote Margaret Fell, "and wondered at his doctrine, for I had never heard such before." The infuriated justice Sawrey had Fox removed from the church; but he had made a convert more significant to his movement than any other.

It is impossible to conceive how Quakerism would have developed without Margaret Fell. Three weeks later her husband returned to the North and met Fox. He was not converted, but for the rest of his life he was a humane and liberal protector of the Quakers, and Swarthmoor Hall became the first regular centre of the movement. There the Quakers had their meetings, thence they went out on their astonishing pilgrimages, thither they returned at intervals as to a home and base; the house became the central office and registry of the movement, and for another hundred years it remained the repository of its archives. Nearly a hundred of the early Quaker missionaries came from the North, many from Swarthmoor or its immediate neighbourhood: they travelled to Scotland and Ireland, to Holland, Denmark and Germany, to the West Indies and the American Indians, even to Turkey and Egypt, seeking to penetrate into Asia and the East Indies and the kingdom of Prester John; and always they corresponded with Margaret Fell, and their correspondence was copied and filed at Swarthmoor. After the Judge's death in 1658, Margaret Fell herself became a missionary. Four times she had written to Cromwell in defence of imprisoned Quakers; now she went to London and interceded personally with the King. She was herself twice in prison. All her daughters became Quakers and married Quakers. In 1669 she herself became the wife of George Fox; she accompanied him on some of his journeys, and helped him in the great work of organisation which characterised the second period of Quakerism. She even wrote five books to convert the Jews, which made no impression on that obstinate people. However, she had one of them translated into Hebrew in the hope of greater effect, and the translator, a Dutch Jew, may possibly have been Spinoza.

Margaret Fox died in 1702, aged 88, eleven years after her husband, and not entirely satisfied with his successor, William Penn. The evidence for her life, as for all early Quaker history, is immense, and has grown, or become more accessible, since the publication in 1865 of Maria Webb's book, *The Fells of Swarthmoor Hall*. Mrs. Ross has used the evidence with skill and patience. And yet Quaker virtue, so long sustained, begins ultimately (after about page 250) to pall. If only Mrs. Fox had died younger—say at 68—or if only Mrs. Ross had reduced some of those uniformly virtuous Quaker episodes! The book would not have suffered. It would still have remained, what it is now, a valuable work of scholarship on the seventeenth century.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

THAT STRAIN AGAIN

A Dictionary of Musical Themes. By HAROLD BARLOW AND SAM MORGENSTERN. *Williams & Norgate.* 30s.

It happens to us all. We get up in the morning with a snatch of tune running through our heads, it haunts us all day long and refuses to be identified. Our friends, pestered with "la-la-la" and "pompity-pom," maliciously refuse to discern in our efforts any melody at all; and there, hitherto, the matter has rested. But along comes a pair of most ingenious and industrious Americans, Messrs. Marlow and Morgenstern, to extricate us from these vexing predicaments. A musical dictionary of quotations! Why has no one thought of so splendid an idea before? The answer is, no doubt, that many people have thought of it, but that they were all deterred by a formidable problem: how is one to index a tune? Mr. Barlow's 100-page index looks at first sight, it must be confessed, alarming and even a little mad; nevertheless, I doubt if a more logical and sensible system could be devised. But how much of a musician must one be to use it? That is the crucial question, and to answer it we must take one or two examples.

For simplicity's sake let us suppose, rather implausibly, that the tune which has been bothering us is the famous "Fate-knocking-at-the-door" motive at the opening of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. This theme is to be found in the Notation Index as G G G E♭ F F, together with the reference B948: that is, the 948th entry under composers beginning with B. If you ask why

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Company Meeting

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The 22nd annual general meeting of the Associated British Picture Corporation, Ltd., was held on August 4th in London, Sir Philip Warter, the chairman, presiding. The following is from his statement :—

The trading profit amounts for the year to March 31, 1949, to £2,038,762, compared with £2,026,110 for the previous year. This slight increase results from increased revenue from the group's cinemas after providing for production losses. After providing a total distribution of 20 per cent. on the Ordinary stock, compared with 22½ per cent. for the previous year, and transferring £100,000 to general reserve, the balance carried forward is £157,620.

The results of the group's cinemas show an improvement over the previous year, when business was adversely affected by the exceptionally fine summer of 1947. The supply of product during the year under review from both British and American sources was in the main of satisfactory quality, and this is reflected in the improved takings. Economies have been introduced which will help towards meeting the substantial increase in operating expenses.

No less than £7,376,944 entertainments duty was paid on gross takings of £19,675,739 and once again I must stress the serious position into which the industry is drifting owing to this excessive burden.

It must be assumed that the trend of theatre earnings will be downwards. Much will depend on the results of the production side of our business.

The report was adopted.

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the compiler stops in the middle of the second phrase, instead of completing it as F F F D, the answer is that he goes only as far as is necessary: that is, until the sequence of letters begins to diverge from its immediate neighbours. Curiously, these neighbouring entries in the index seldom refer to tunes which are in the least like one another; this is because the Barlow system irons out all differences in rhythm and note-duration, and disregards leaps or drops into a higher or lower octave; nothing counts except the mere sequence of letters belonging to the successive notes. Even in this flattened-out state, a C major or C minor theme which we already know looks quite recognisable in the index. But Mr. Barlow, aware that few people recall a tune in any particular key, has transposed all his index references, whether major or minor, into the key of C. Does the reader begin to feel dismayed? Then let us take another example: the *Valse des Fleurs* from Tchaikovsky's *Casse-Noisette* suite. Here the actual notes are A D F♯ G F♯ F♯; but if the tune were to be thus indexed, it could be found only by those persons who, though unable to identify it, knew it to be in the key of D; that is to say, by very few. So, like all the rest, it appears in the key of C, as G C E F E E. Here, then, is the answer to our previous question: in order to make use of the index, you have to be musical enough to pick out your tune "on the white notes" and write down the result as a series of letters. Evidently it is not much good to remember a theme vaguely: one wrong note, and you can't hope to find it. Mr. Barlow does, however, claim to have occasionally listed a theme "incorrectly as well as correctly if there is a popular misconception about it," and it would be amusing to know when he has thought it desirable to do this: what, I wonder, is the musical equivalent of such a popular misquotation as "fresh *fields* and pastures new"?

As we approach modern times, the user encounters a fresh problem: he finds it increasingly difficult to be sure about the tonal centre of his tune; and until he knows that, how can he transpose it into C? Before the nineteenth century is out, we are already in deep water. It is fairly simple, for instance, to pick out accurately on the piano the languorous, chromatic flute tune which begins *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*, at any rate as far as its first six notes; but to decide on its key (without the rest of the music in one's head) is a much trickier matter. In fact it is in the key of E; so that the index entry reads A G F♯ F E E♭. By the time we reach music which renounces tonality, the game is up. Alban Berg and Webern are not quoted at all, and it is rather surprising to find Schönberg—not only his early post-Wagnerian *Verklärte Nacht*, but five of the *Six Little Piano Pieces* (Op. 19). In these the sense of tonality has surely dwindled to vanishing point; yet Mr. Barlow has succeeded in deciding on a key for each of them; by sheer hard work I have located the first two in his index, but the remainder still elude me. It would be absurdly captious, however, to signalise such cases as serious flaws in the system; after all, the number of people who are haunted by tunes from Schönberg's middle period must be small. Besides, the new Dictionary serves a second purpose quite as important as the first; and for this second purpose the inclusion of modern composers, however untuneful, is most desirable.

These 10,000 themes constitute a composers' thematic catalogue on a huge scale, highly convenient to those who wish to find their way about, shall we say, among the piano concertos of Mozart or the string quartets of Beethoven. They provide a useful conspectus of the instrumental output of all the more important composers; not quite complete, unfortunately, since works are sometimes omitted if they have never been recorded for the gramophone. Having once chosen a work for inclusion, the compilers give us good measure: for example, 11 themes out of Strauss's *Heldenleben*, 18 from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, 19 from Mahler's Ninth. One can perceive a clash of interests between the two kinds of user, the tune-hunter and the thematic-catalogue man; the latter would rather have the opening bars (in the old term, the *incipit*) of all Haydn's 77 string quartets than a thematic selection, however liberal, from only 34 of them. But there it is; one cannot have everything, even from Messrs. Barlow and Morgenstern. What they have given us is useful, amusing, and in a curious sort of way instructive; and already the tireless pair are at work on a sequel to cover vocal music. A word of praise is due to the publishers for the clear type and strong binding of the Dictionary; and, considering the high cost of making music-blocks, for its moderate price.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

CAMEO

Little Gaddesden. By VICARS BELL. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The short and simple annals of rich and poor alike go into this story of an English parish through the centuries of history. A tiny village, only thirty miles from London but off the beaten track, Little Gaddesden can have changed little since the legions of imperial Rome by-passed it on their way to found Verulamium, nearby. Lost in a fold of the low hills, away from a main road, the place would be a refuge for the last remnants of the Britons who fell back and fled before the advancing power of Rome. When the tide of conquest had passed on, towards Wales and the western coast, there would still be a few drifters and refugees left, in the hidy-hole that came later to be called Little Gaddesden.

Mr. Bell has laboured hard and lovingly over the early evidence, dug deeply into the mass of ancient documents, turned out the musty records of the parish, back through the centuries. The result is a fascinating book, a miniature of England's history. Britons, Romans, Danes, Saxons, Norman French, Tudors and Plantagenets and the columns of Cromwell, went by on the north-west road. Little Gaddesden drowsed, worried about parochial affairs, and chronicled small beer. The chronicling was fortunate, for us of later days. Here are all the small worries of sheriff and constable, gravely recorded and duly confirmed. Foreigners arrived—some from as far off as Wigginton, a full five miles distant—and were dutifully turned away. There were roadfarers to be whipped and returned to their native villages, others to be helped with coppers if they carried passports.

The record of the "passport era," in the post-Elizabethan period, amuses and terrifies at once. Everyone required a pass, even to travel ten miles, unless he had a guarantee of sustenance at the destination-place. Inevitably the professional vagrants, as ever, found loophooles in the law, furnished themselves with valid passes, fared through Little Gaddesden with impunity. A tramp's papers are always in order!

> Paid 2 poore women with a passe, 6d. Four cripples with a passe, 6d. And for a horse to carry them, 4d. Ada Foster, whipt and sent to Chipping Norton, where she said she was born, Jan. 25 1687. (Ada was 10 years old). A seaman with a passe, 6d. Paid to 15 cripples 2/8. And for carrying a great-bellid woman out of the parish, 6d. (The local authorities, even in our own day, like to dump their casuals on the next borough). For passing a Hue and Cry after horses, 6d. Given 13 cripples from Norwich, 1/6. For carrying 14 cripples to Ringshall, 2d.

Apparently the unfortunate bureaucrats of Little Gaddesden were over-naive. Cripples were excepted from the harsh passport regulations—naturally every professional vagrant was a certified cripple. Pregnant women vagabonds were hustled into the next parish with all speed. (And out of it, one presumes, with even greater speed—the constable counting days and hours). "Beer, bread and cheese at a woman's labour" cost 7/8. "Gin and water, 6d. Beare and brandy, 5/6. Treating the women before the travelling woman was brought to bed, 4/-." Mrs. Gamp would have loved those entries.

"Constable's exes at Hemel Hempsted," and "Spent at severall ale-houses," 3/1 and 5/4 respectively, seem to show that civic employees, even in that rude age, knew how to look after themselves.

Mr. Bell has dipped into dozens of the old records, each more fascinating than the last. Slowly, very slowly, the papers show changes reflecting the movements of the big world thirty miles away. There is some talk of the nearby monastery being "took over" by the government. Then the priests have gone and the Reformation is a fact. A real princess, one Elizabeth, resides in the village for a while. Presently she is Queen of England. Little Gaddesden drowses through it all. JIM PHELAN

Week-end Competition

No. 1,017

Set by Peter Pimlico

"Palinode. Poem in which author retracts thing said in former poem. Recantation." The usual prizes are offered for extracts of not more than fourteen lines of palinodes by Lovelace ("To Lucasta, on going to the wars"), Wordsworth ("Intimations of Immortality"), Browning ("Prospice"), Clough ("Say not the Struggle"), Longfellow ("The Psalm of Life"), Chesterton ("I don't care where the water goes"), Auden (*passim*). Entries by August 23rd.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,014

Set by Richard Lister

The children will soon be home for the holidays. The usual prizes are offered for 200 words of a greeting scene between parents and offspring in the manner of one of the following: Angela Brazil, Elizabeth Bowen, Rudyard Kipling (*Stalky*), Charles Dickens, Dean Farrar, H. A. Vachell.

Report by Richard Lister

Dickens's manner was the most popular and the most successfully caught with all the possible variations, the cruel father, the haze of sentiment, the jocular verbose. Miss Angela Brazil is rather a sitting target and I judged those entries severely. Kipling came close to Dickens as a choice. Farrar was too difficult: the Vachell sentimentality plus snobbishness was caught but not held. The sole attempt at Miss Bowen, by Karen Bower, narrowly missed a prize. Close up at the finish were, among the Dickens entries: J. Ranzelin ("Little Rip, his trim form shivering from heaven above knew what cold and exhaustion, stumbled into the taxi. His father, prey to God alone knew what terrible thoughts . . . ") R. Hemington ("The prodigal has returned, I perceive" observed Mr. Jolliboy. "Yes, father," returned that prodigy of academic attainment.) J. Y. Stubbs ("Children!" he replied slowly raising his gloomy face. "Remember, my love, that they are eight and ten years old respectively. Almost grown men.")

C. B. S. Feltham caught an echo of *The Hill*: "We had a beastly journey. A terrible man smoked his rotten pipe the whole way. Not very civil of him—eh?" "Oh not a bad term really. Old Ruther said a jolly decent thing to me as I left."

Other runners-up were R. J. P. Hewison, L.E.S., Nancy Gunter, Margaret Osborne, D. L. Haliday, E. F. Braddock, Edward V. Leitch and especially P.R. Two guineas to Esmé Kelly, the balance to be divided among the other four printed.

CHARLES DICKENS

"You will observe, Jonathan," said Mr. Nimbleswitch, curvetting happily down the platform, "that in exchanging the scalpel for the cash-register"—upon which figurative machine he thereupon knocked-up No Sale and extracted from the till three invisible fivers—"I am enabled not only to maintain you without further opprobrium at the scholastic Parnassus whence you now return, but to await you, pater felix, suitably entoga'd." And Mr. Nimbleswitch proudly indicated his lengthy azure overcoat, so deliciously new and implacably rigid, particularly about the shoulders, as to suggest that it had been but recently snatched from the reluctant clothier's peg and donned before the removal of its hanger.

"Moreover, the vehicle upon which my increasing prosperity largely depends, diverted by patriarchal affection from its diurnal usage, shall convey your impedimenta to our new domain." And he swung Jonathan's rucksack onto a small barrow, where it lolled, like an uncooked crab in a bed of whitebait, on a crackling heap of transparent packages topped by a bold manuscript notice reading GENUINE AMERICAN NYLONS 1s. 6d. qualified in minuscule by two words perfectly legible to anyone leaning over the barrow and adjusting a pocket lens, "per leg." ESMÉ KELLY

Sunlight is everywhere, slipping round corners, laughing in flower-beds, flicking through dead leaves, prying among shrubbery and winking in at half-open doors like a mischievous urchin. But even old Sol, who is no respecter of persons and unloads his munificence on great and small alike, makes no impression on my Lord Verihard as he stalks, stiff of cravat, stern of visage, across his ancestral lawns.

Behold, reader, advancing towards him his seven-year-old son—a thin, pale, little fellow, grave beyond his years.

"Well, David, you are home from school again."

"Yes, papa."

"You are in health, I trust?"

"As well as can be expected, thank you, papa."

"And Dr. Swishing?"

"It may only be ill-founded rumour, papa, but they say . . . he has joined the N.H.S."

"What?" My Lord's aristocratic calm is shaken. "We'll see about that, my boy, we'll see about that."

"Yes, papa."

"Your Latin, my boy, your Latin progresses?"

"I think I may safely say it does, papa. I am beyond Cicero."

Latin, my lords, ladies and gentlemen of England, not love! Cicero, O learned judges, magistrates and procurator-fiscals, not sympathy! Thus we use the hearts of children.

"Papa, I want to ask you something. It has been troubling me considerably of late."

"Well?"

"Papa, what is multilateralism?"

ROBERT HUGHES

ANGELA BRAZIL

The two Tremaynes were almost falling out of the carriage window. In their excitement they had forgotten their chum, Pamela—their guest for the holidays, as her parents were in India.

"There's Mumsie and Daddie!" cried Judy, and soon there was a snatching of satchels, tennis-rackets, books, and shoe-bags, and, amid exclamations of, "Pam, don't forget your drawing-board!" and "Judy, *did* you put my riding-crop in?" the girls made their way to the tall, distinguished-looking couple by the refreshment-room.

"At last, darlings!" laughed Mrs. Tremayne, bearing up very well under the vigorous onslaught of a breathless Melanie. "Hello, Pam, dear! You haven't met my husband, have you?"

"So this is Justin Tremayne, the actor," thought Pam, as she held out her hand.

"Then I'm to have another daughter for the holidays!" he said, jovially. "I'm so glad you could come, my dear," and he became more solemn—"Almost as if he . . . understood," thought Pam.

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Meanwhile, Judy was watching a slim figure wearing the St. Fistula's uniform, who was hurrying to the barrier with furtive glances in their direction. "It's Nita!" she exclaimed.

Throughout the journey to Hallingford Manor, leaning back in the car, and clutching her beloved collection of horse-brasses, she was thinking of the furtive figure at the station. She recalled the bicycle tyre incident of last term, and that strange affair of the exam. papers. Could they be connected? Were her suspicions right? Was Nita—a sneak? . . .

KIPLING

Stalky's aunt was presentable. Mr. King put down his bag and introduced himself unctuously. Ah, waiting for Corkran, yes? Fine lad. Pity he was leaving. Fine lad.

The three appeared suddenly on their blind side. Ominous, Stalky had been stalking. Mr. King felt vaguely uneasy.

Stalky kissed his aunt, then struck like a cobra. "This man been annoyin' you?" He thumbed Mr. King.

Beetle weighed in: "Have you given him any money?"

"He says he is your Mr. King."

"King?" They looked blank. "King is in Cheltenham by now." "And drunk," added McTurk. "And in bed," from Beetle. "Some bed or other," improvised Stalky.

Mr. King found his voice. Preposterous. Insolence. Serious trouble. Sandhurst, India, Ireland. Last Straw.

"He has King's vocabulary," said Beetle thoughtfully. "He might once have been a gentleman."

"King never was."

Stalky laid a cherishing arm across his aunt's shoulders. "Typical railway crook. Swots up some details of the college, then touches innocent parents. We came too soon for him. Come, aunt."

Thus did Stalky & Co. at the end of their last term leave Mr. King an earnest of their love.

FERGIE

"Sn'f," said Beetle, throwing a battered suitcase on to the platform. "Filthy stink of carrots in this station of yours, Stalky."

He emerged quickly, as one shoved from behind. M'Turk, nose in air, followed more sedately.

"You abject scribbler," he remarked, "you ignorant town-dweller. It isn't carrots, it's mangolds."

Stalky, last to descend from the compartment, was in time—and position—to kick them both dispassionately before saying:

"Stand to, you burblers, here's the Governor."

An energetic tweed-clad figure approached, glared at the three boys, raised his stick and pointed it first at Beetle (who dodged quickly) then at M'Turk.

"Well? Are these they, hub? These two—hrr'mph—friends of yours, staying for the holidays, uh?"

"Yes," said Stalky, without noticeable enthusiasm.

"Behave themselves, huh?"

"No," said Stalky in the same tone.

"Good thing too. Boys shouldn't behave themselves. Unnatural."

His glare reduced Beetle to a nervous polishing of giglamps. M'Turk remained politely attentive. The old man turned round abruptly, began to march along the platform.

"Come along, Lionel. Had a letter from y'housemaster. Prout, or somethin'. Said you might be prefects next term if you behaved. None of *my* damned business."

"Abject burbler," agreed Stalky remotely.

CHARLES IRVING

CHESS: The Long Arm of the Queen

To say that the Queen is as strong as a Rook and as fleet as a Bishop means stating the obvious. It also explains why the Queen is so precious as to be rather a bore. She wants as expert handling as a man's supercharged racing car, and as careful watching as a woman's pearl necklace. No use, though, putting her in the safe. She's got to fight and to throw her weight about. Better swop her if you can get at all a good bargain. It saves a lot of worry. Better still, sacrifice her. It's being so precious that makes her such a